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UP THE RHINE.

BY

THOMAS HOOD.

With Comic Illustrations.

FIRST PART.

NEW-YORK:
G. P. PUTNAM & COMPANY, 10 PARK PLACE,
1852.

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PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

To forestal such Critics as are fond of climbing up a Mât de Cocagne for a Mare's Nest at the top, the following work was constructed, partly on the ground-plan of Humphrey Clinker, but with very inferior materials, and on a much humbler scale. I admire the old mansion too much, to think that any workmanship of mine could erect a house fit to stand in the same row.

Many persons will doubtless differ with me as to the inferences I have drawn from things seen and heard abroad. But we are all liable to mistakes: and I may have been as wrong in my speculations as was another Traveller in Germany, who, seeing a basketful of purple Easter

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Eggs, exclaimed, "Good heaven! what color can their hens be!"

Should the members of the present family party be found agreeable or amusing, by the great family circle of the Public, I may be induced, next year, to publish their subsequent Tour in Belgium. In the meantime, my dear Public, to adopt the words of another Traveller:

> Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
> My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee.

THOMAS HOOD.

1st *December*, 1839

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PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

The reader of Robinson Crusoe will doubtless remember the flutter of delight and gratitude the Ex-Solitary was thrown into after his return to England, by receiving from his Factor such very favorable accounts of the prosperity of his Brazilian plantations. "In a word," says he, "I turned pale and grew sick; and had not the old man run and fetched me a cordial, I believe the sudden surprise of joy had overset nature, and I had died on the spot."

Something of this joyful surprise it was my own pleasant lot to feel, on learning from my Publisher, that in one short fortnight, the whole impression of the present work had been taken

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off his hands, "and left the world no copy:"—A fact the more gratifying from occurring at a season affording topics of such engrossing interest, as Prince Albert—the Queen's marriage—the Chartist outbreaks—and the new Penny Post,—a measure which, by imposing one uniform rate on Peer and Peasant, has established a real Republic of Letters. So flattering a reception quite overpowered me with joy and gratitude; and, like Robinson, my feelings were not properly composed till I had quaffed off a flask of Hochheimer to the health of all the friends, known and unknown, who had relished my Rhenish outpourings.

To be candid and confidential, the work was not offered to the public without some misgivings. A plain Manufacturer of Roman Cement, in the Greenwich road, was once turned by a cramped showboard into a "MANUFACTURER OF ROMANCEMENT;" and a Tour up the Rhine has generally been expected to convert an author into a dealer in the same commodity. There was some danger, therefore, that readers might be disappointed or dissatisfied at not meeting with the usual allowance of real or affected rap

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tures, sentimental lays, romantic legends, enthusimoosy and the foodle ages. In fact, one of my critics, (it is the fashion now for the reviewed to retaliate on their reviewers, as Roderick Random flogged his schoolmaster,) plainly snubs my book, for not being like others on the same subject, and roundly blames the author for not treading more exactly, like an Indian disguising his trail, in the footprints of his predecessors. According to this gentleman, (he is not Miss Martineau,) I engaged in a somewhat heretical enterprise, which no man of ordinary sensibility would have embarked in. I took my apparatus of caricature up the Rhine, quizzed Cologne Cathedral and the façade of the English National Gallery, and turned the storied scenery, the fine traditions, and the poetic atmosphere of the abounding river into a succession of drolleries.

In reply to these serious charges, I can only say that heretical enterprises—witness Luther's—are sometimes no bad things. That the animals most inclined to pursue the follow-my-leader system are geese. That a man of ordinary sensibility ought to be shy of exhibit

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ing it where such extraordinary sensibilities had been paraded beforehand. That I have never even seen the National Gallery; and instead of quizzing the Dom Kirche of Cologne, have admired and lauded it in the highest terms. That I expressly declined to touch on the scenery, because it had been so often painted, not to say daubed, already; that I left the fine legends precisely as I found them; and that the poetic atmosphere remained as intact, for me, as the atmosphere of the moon. Since Byron and the Dampschiff, there has been quite enough of vaporing, in more senses than one, on the blue and castled river, and the echoing nymph of the Lurley must be quite weary of repeating such bouts rimés as the Rhine and land of the vine—the Rhine and vastly fine—the Rhine and very divine. As for the romantic, the Age of Chivalry is Burked by Time, and as difficult of revival in Germany as in Scotland. A modern steamboat associates as awkwardly with a feudal ruin, as a mob of umbrellas with an Eglintoun "plump of spears."

With these explanations and apologies I take my leave; fortunately possessing the unques-

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tioned privilege of printing, publishing, and selling my proceedings, without committing myself, the Sheriffs and the Judges; or setting the Speaker, the Chief Justice and Mr. Commissioner Reynolds by the ears, I gratefully present my Second Edition, with my warmest acknowledgments, to an indulgent public, without any fear of that presently awful personage the Serjeant at Mace.

T. H.

23d January, 1840.

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UP THE RHINE.

TO GERARD BROOKE, ESQ., LEMINGTON, HANTS.

MY DEAR BROOKE,—Your reproach is just. My epistolary taciturnity has certainly been of unusual duration; but instead of filling up a sheet with mere excuses, I beg to refer you at once to "Barclay's Apology for Quakerism," which I presume includes an apology for silence.

The truth is, I have had nothing to write of, and in such cases I philosophically begrudge postage, as a contradiction to the old axiom *ex nihilo nihil fit*, inasmuch as the revenue through such empty epistles gets something out of nothing. Now, however, I have news to break, and I trust you are not so good a man as "unconcerned to hear the mighty crack." WE ARE GOING UP THE RHINE!!!

You who have been long aware of my yearning to

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the abounding river, like the supposed mystical bending of the hazel twig towards the unseen waters, will be equally pleased and surprised at such an announcement. In point of fact, but for the preparations that are hourly going on before my eyes, I should have, as Irish Buller used to say, some considerable doubts of my own veracity. There seemed plenty of lions in the path of such a Pilgrim's Progress; and yet, here we are, resolved on the attempt, in the hope that, as Christian dropped his burthen by the way, a little travelling will jolt off the load that encumbers the broad shoulders of a dear, hearty, ailing, dead-alive, hypochondriacal old bachelor uncle. If my memory serves me truly, you once met with the personage in question at one of our coursing meetings: if not, you will be glad to have what Willis the *Pen*man calls a *Pencilling*, but which ought rather to be denominated an *Ink*ling. Imagine, then, a handsome, stout, well-built specimen of the species, somewhat the worse for wear, but still sound in wind and limb, and in possession of all his faculties—a little stiff in the anatomical hinges—but still able to find a hare and not bad at a halloo—in short, the *beau idéal* of a fine old country gentleman, for such he is. But here comes the mystery. To all appearance a picture of Health, painted in the full florid style by Rubens himself, or one of his pupils, my hale uncle is a martyr to hypochondriasis, not the moping melancholy sort anatomized by old Burton—not the chronic kind—but the acute. Perhaps he has some

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latent affection of the heart or obstructions of the liver, causing sudden derangements of the circulation, and consequent physical depressions,—I am not physician enough to determine,—but I have known instances of the same malady in other individuals, though never so intense. As jovial a man, between his paroxysms, as you shall find in a chimney corner; the next moment, he sees a coffin, as the superstitious call it, fly out of the fire, and fancies his Death-Fetch standing on the domestic hearth. But as Shakspeare says, "a coward dies many times before his death," and my uncle is certainly no exception to the canon. On an average he has three or four attacks a week,—so that at the end of the year his "dying moments" would probably amount to a calendar month, and his "last words" to an octavo volume.

As you may suppose, it is sometimes difficult to preserve one's gravity during such solemn leave-takings at Death's door, at which you know he is only giving a runaway knock. Like the boy in the fable, he has cried "Wolf!" too often for those about him seriously to believe that the Destroyer is at hand;—though at the same time, being thoroughly in earnest himself, and long habit and frequent rehearsals having made him quite at home in the part, he performs it so admirably and naturally, that even his familiars are staggered and look on and listen, with a smile and a tear. As yet I have never seen the stranger who was not horrified by what appeared so sudden a visitation,

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as well as edified by the manly fortitude, good sense, and Christian spirit, with which the victim invariably prepares for his departure. He has made his will, of course; and I verily believe every member of the family has his instructions for his funeral by heart. Amongst other memorials, there is an old family watch,—nicknamed *entre nous*, the Death watch,—which he has solemnly presented to me, his unworthy nephew, a hundred times over. On such occasions, I always seriously accept the gift, but take care to leave it about on some shelf or table in the way of the owner, who, when the qualm is over, quietly fobs the timepiece, without any remark on either side, and Nunky, Nevy, and Watch, go on as usual till another warning. I once ventured to hint that he died very hard; but the joke was not well taken; and he often throws my incredulity in my teeth. "Well, God bless you, my boy," he said the other day, in his *gravest* manner, though I was only to be a week absent,—"Well, God bless you, Frank,—for you've seen me for the last time. You know my last wishes. Yes, you may grin,—only don't be shocked at your return if you find the shutters closed, or the hearse at the door!"

Such is my worthy hypochondriacal uncle, with his seriocomic infirmity,—and I assure you there is not a particle of exaggeration in the account. For the last five years he has paid a neighboring practitioner 200*l.* per annum to look after his health,—and really the post is no sinecure, for besides the daily visit of routine, the Esculapius is gen-

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erally sent for, in haste, some twice or thrice a week, extra, howbeit the attack not unfrequently goes off in a hit at backgammon. A whimsical instance just occurs to me. My uncle, who is both a lover and a capital judge of horses, and always drives a remarkably clever nag, chose one morning to have a warning in his gig,—influenced, doubtless, by the sight of his medical adviser, who happened to be some hundred yards in advance. The doctor, be it said, is a respectable gigman, who also likes a fast horse, and having really some urgent new case on his hands, or being unwilling to listen to the old one, he no sooner recognized the traveller in his rear, than he applied a stimulant to his steed, that improved its pace into twelve miles an hour. My uncle did the like, and as pretty a chariot race ensued as any since the Olympic Games. For a mile or two the doctor took the lead and kept it; but his patient was too fast for him, and by degrees got within hail, bellowing lustily, "Hang it, man, pull up! I'm dying, doctor, I'm dying."—"Egad," cried the doctor, looking over his shoulder, "I think you are! And I never saw any one *going so fast.*"

It is with the sanction, indeed by the advice of the medicus just mentioned (an original of the Abernethy school)—that we are bound on an experimental trip up the Rhine, to try what change of scene and travelling will do for such an extraordinary disease. The prescription, however, was anything but palatable to the patient, who demurred most

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obstinately, and finally asked his counsellor, rather crustily, if he could name a single instance of a man who had lived the longer for wandering over the world? "To be sure I can," answered the doctor, "the wandering Jew." This timely hit decided the battle: my uncle, who is no hand at *repartee*, gave in; and at this present writing his passport is made out for Rotterdam. In common with most invalids, he likes to have womankind about him; so he has invited his sister, a widow, to be of the party, and she, in turn, has stipulated for the attendance of her favorite maid. Your humble servant will make the fourth hand in this Rhenish rubber; and for your sake, I intend to score with pen and pencil all the points of the game.

My kindest regards to Emily—and something more; remember, should I ever get beyond prosing, all verses belong to her from,

Dear Brooke, yours ever very truly,

FRANK SOMERVILLE.

TO PETER BAGSTER, ESQ., SOLICITOR, CANTERBURY.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,—Being about to leave England, and most likely for good, it's my wish to give you a parting shake of the hand, as far as can be done by letter before I go, time and circumstances forbidding my personally taking a last farewell. At present our destination is only

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Germany; but inward feelings tell me I am booked for a much longer journey, and from which no traveller returns. As such I have informed all parties concerned, that my will is lodged in your hands; and, regarding the rest of my worldly affairs, you had full instructions in my leave-taking letter of a month back. I had another terrible warning on Wednesday week, which, I am convinced, would have proved fatal, but providentially Dr. Truby was in the house at the time. What is remarkable, up to my seizure I had been in an uncommon flow of spirits, for Morgan and Dowley, and a few more of the old set, had come over, and we rubbed up our old stories and old songs, and I was even able myself to comply with the honor of a call for the Ma of the Valley. But the moment the company was gone I had an attack;—which is convincing to my mind of the correctness of the old saying about a lightening before death. Such repeated shocks must break down the constitution of a horse; and, mark my words, *the next will be my whoo-qop!*

In course, you will be as much surprised as I am myself, at a man with my dispensation undertaking a visit to foreign parts. But, between one and another, I was fairly mobbed into it, and have been in twenty minds to call back my consent. But a man's word is his word; and, besides, I wish my nephew to see a little of the world. Poor Kate will go along with us, in hopes the jaunting about a bit will make her forget the loss of her husband, or, as she calls him, "Poor George." I did want the Doc-

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tor to join, and made him a handsome offer to that effect, over and above his expenses; but he declined, on the plea of not leaving his other patients, which, considering the terms we have been on for so many years, I cannot help thinking is a little ungrateful, as well as hard-hearted, for he knows I ought not to go ten miles without medical help at my elbow. But I suppose the constant sight of death makes all physicians callous, or they could not feel the pulse of a dying man, much less of an old friend, with a broad grin on their faces. Talking of departing, I trust to you to regularly pay up the premium on my life assurance in the Pelican. I did hope the policy would be voided by going abroad, which would have put a spoke in our tour; but, unluckily, it gives me latitude to travel all over Europe. But whether on an English road or a foreign one, for it will never be in my bed, is all one. So every place being alike, I have left the choice to my nephew, and he has fixed on the river Rhine. In course, he undertakes the lingo, for I can neither parley vous nor jabber High Dutch; and though it's not too soon, mayhap, to look out for a new set of teeth, it's too late in life for me to get a fresh set of tongues. Besides, all foreign languages are given to flattering; and, as a plain Englishman, I should never find complimentary ideas enough to match with the words. There is the French inventory of my person in the passport, which I made Frank translate to me. You know what an invalid I am; but what with high complexion,

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and robust figure, and so forth, Mounseur has painted me up like one of the healthiest and handsomest young fellows in the county of Kent!

So you see I am down in the way-bill; and, provided I get to the end of the first stage, you will perhaps hear from me again. If not, you will know what has happened, and act accordingly. If I last out to Holland, it will be the utmost. I have betted old Truby two dozen of hock wine, against port and sherry, I shall never get to Cologne. Well, God bless you, my old friend, and all that belongs to you, from, dear Peter,

Your very faithful humble servant,

RICHARD ORCHARD.

P. S.—If I forward a few gallons of real Hollands to your London agents, Drinkwater and Maxwell, do you think they will send it down to Canterbury?

TO GERARD BROOKE, ESQ., LEMINGTON, HANTS.

DEAR GERARD,—You will stare at receiving another letter dated London; but we have been delayed a week beyond our time by my uncle, and a mysterious complaint in his luggage, which, for several days, would not pack up for want of a family medicine chest that had been ordered of the celebrated Butler and Co., of Cheapside. Moreover,

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it appeared that the invalid had applied for more last words of medical advice from Dr. Truby; but, instead of a letter, who should walk in yesterday evening but the Doctor himself! The fact is, he has a real regard for his Malade Imaginaire, though he sets his face against the fancy, and had made this sacrifice to friendship. My uncle's eyes glistened at sight of the familiar figure. "Ay, ay," said he, with sundry significant nods, "you are come to prevent my going." "Quite the reverse," answered the other; "I suspected you would hang on hand, and have come thirty miles to help in giving you a shove off." Our Hyp looked a little disconcerted at this rebuff. "At least, doctor, you have something of importance to my health to remind me of?" "Not a syllable." "Mayhap, then, you have brought me some portable sort of medicine for travellers in a small compass?" suggested my uncle, expecting a welcome supplement to Butler's repository. "I have brought you," said the doctor, speaking leisurely, as he vainly tried to extract some refractory article from his coat-pocket, "something more to the purpose,—very useful to travellers too,—an invention of a professional friend;—you did not know the late Dr. Kitchiner?—it's a most invaluable defence against sudden attacks." "Mayhap," cried uncle, now eagerly assisting in the extrication of the parcel, "it's a self-acting blood-letter." "It's more likely to prevent blood-letting," answered the doctor, at last producing the implement, "a sort of night-bolt, for securing your

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bed-room door at a strange inn."—"Good God," exclaimed my uncle, reddening like one of his own turkey-cocks, "is it possible you could so forget the nature of my sudden attacks! I am not likely to die in my bed; but if I do, it will be from nobody coming near me; and here you are for keeping every soul from the room!" "Nevertheless," said the doctor, "I still recommend the night-bolt. As a lady never faints without water and smelling salts, and help at need, I am convinced, by analogy, that a locked door, and nobody at hand, must be the best preventives of *some sorts* of apoplexy that can be devised." The wry face with which this illustration was received you may imagine, now that you have a key to the character. The doctor is not only a shrewd practitioner, but a humorist, and doubtless intended his night-bolt as a piece of practical irony on his patient's monomania;—if so, our Abernethys and such medical eccentrics, have more common sense in their oddities than some regular practitioners in their common-places. However, my uncle having been worsted in the encounter, his sister, who is sufficiently anxious on the subject of health, but with reference to everybody's constitution except her own, then took up the argument, and anxiously inquired, "What her poor dear brother ought to do in case of any travelling accidents—for example, wet feet?" "In that case, madam," replied the doctor, with a low bow and a marked emphasis, "*don't* let him change his shoes; *don't* get him dry stockings; and *don't* let him

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bathe his feet in warm water. That has been his practice during the first fifty years of his life, and it has agreed so well with him, that I do not feel justified in making any alteration." "To be sure," said my aunt thoughtfully, "he used to ride through brooks, and rivers, and never shifted himself, and yet never had anything on his lungs. And I do remember once when he spent a fortnight in London on a visit, he took ill, and after thinking of everything that could have caused it, he could not account for it in any way except through missing his damp feet. But then as to his diet, doctor;—what ought he to eat?" "Whatever he can get, madam," said the doctor, taking another grave pinch of snuff; "but as he values his life, let him avoid——anything else, for, depend upon it, madam, —*it never can do him any good.*" This oracular response defeated my poor aunt, who, by way of covering her retreat, then pulled him aside, and with a glance at your humble servant, inquired if the air we were going to was favorable to my constitution, for I was delicate, like "poor George." Of course, I pricked up my ears, and had an appropriate reward. "Madam," said he, "a young Englishman, on going abroad for the first time, generally gives himself so many airs, that the one he is going to is of the least possible consequence."

I subsequently contrived to ask the doctor confidentially, whether his patient would require any particular treatment whilst abroad. "Medically," said he, "none at all. Your

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worthy uncle's complaint is a very common one, in kind, if not in degree. With old women who have been active in their youth, it takes the form vulgarly called the fidgets —with country gentlemen, in their decline, it becomes hypochondriasis. They cannot live as hard as they used to do, and so think they are dying as fast as they can. Your fox-hunters and so forth, are particularly liable to the disease. They are used to a kicking, bumping, jumping, thumping, jolting, bolting, scrubbing, scrambling, roll-and-tumble sort of existence, and the nerves and muscles will not subside kindly into quieter habits. To make the matter worse, a pedestrian when he can no longer walk will ride; but your equestrian, when he is past riding, will not condescend to walk. When he is unequal to horseback, instead of taking to coach-back, or boat-back, he takes to a high-backed chair, and backgammon. What your uncle really wants is a mill to grind him young again. There is no such mill on earth, but the next best thing is to go in search of it. Take my word for it, the secret of your uncle's dying is, that he has more life in him, or steam, than the old machine knows how to get rid of." "Yes, yes," muttered my uncle, who had been musing, but caught the last sentence, "I always knew I should go off like a burst boiler!" "The Lord forbid!" ejaculated my aunt, who had been absorbed in her own steam-boat speculations—and having thus, in sporting language, changed our hare, we had a burst with high pressure, that lasted for twenty

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minutes. At the conclusion, my aunt asked the doctor if he knew of any remedy against sea-sickness. "Only one, madam, the same that was adopted by Jack the giant-killer against the Welsh ogre." "And what was his remedy?" inquired my aunt, very innocently. "A false stomach, ma'am; put all you feel inclined to eat or drink into *that;* and I will stake my professional character against its coming up again!" Just at this juncture his lynx eyes happened to alight on the medicine-chest. "I do hope that box is insured!" "Good heavens!" exclaimed my aunt, "is there any danger? We have not insured anything!" "Because," exclaimed the doctor, "if your nephew is any better than a George Barnwell in disguise, he will take the first opportunity for pitching that trash overboard." My uncle's back was up in a moment. "By your leave," he said, "I did once have occasion to call in Doctor Carbuncle in your absence, and he prescribed for me more trash, as you call it, in ten days, than you have done in as many years." "No doubt he did," answered the imperturbable Truby. "He would send it in by the dozen, like Scotch ale or Dublin porter, or any other article on which he gets a commission. Fat bacon, for instance, was once in vogue amongst the faculty for weak digestions, and he would favor you with that or any other gammon, at a trifle above the market-price." "Well, I always thought," exclaimed my aunt, "that Doctor Carbuncle was considered a very skilful man!" "As to his

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other medical acquirements, madam, there may be some doubts, but you have only to look in his face to see that he is well *red* in *nose*ology."

This palpable hit, for Carbuncle happens to have a very fiery proboscis, quite restored my uncle's good-humor. He laughed till the tears ran down his face, and even cracked a joke of his own, on the advantage of always hunting with a burning scent. The doctor, like a good general, seized this favorable moment for his departure, and took his patient by the hand—"Well, *bon voyage*, and fine weather on the Rhine." "I shall never see it," cried my uncle, fast relapsing into a fit of hypochondriacism. "Pooh! pooh!—good-bye, and a fair wind to Rotterdam." "I shall die at sea," returned my uncle; "at least if I reach the Nore. But mayhap I shall never get aboard. It is my belief I shan't live through the night," he bellowed after the doctor, who, foreseeing the point the argument must arrive at, had bolted out of the room and closed the door. "A clever man," said my uncle, when he was gone; "and no doubt understands my case, but as close as a fox. I only wish he would agree to my going suddenly—I should not die a bit the sooner for his giving me over."

Once more, farewell, with love to Emily from, dear Gerard, yours, &c.,

FRANK SOMERVILLE.

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TO GERARD BROOKE, ESQ., LEMINGTON, HANTS.

My dear Brooke,—Your prophecy was a plausible one, but as the servant girl said, after looking out of a window in Piccadilly, for the Lord Mayor's show, "it did not come to pass." Instead of returning to Kent, we actually sailed from London on Wednesday morning, by the Lord Melville; and here follows a log of our memorable voyage. It will prove a long one I foresee, but so was our passage.

To believe our tourists and travellers, our Heads and our Trollopes, it is impossible to take a trip in a hoy, smack, or steamer, without encountering what are technically called characters. My first care, therefore, on getting aboard, was to look out for originals; but after the strictest scrutiny among the passengers, there appeared none of any mark or likelihood. However, at Gravesend, a wherry brought us two individuals of some promise. The first was a tall, very thin man, evidently in bad health, or, as one of the sailors remarked, performing quarantine, his face being of the same color as the yellow flag which indicates that sanitory excommunication; the other was a punchy, florid, red-wattled human cock-bird, who, according to the poultry-wife's practice, had seemingly had two pepper-corns thrust down his gullet on first leaving the shell, and had ever since felt their fiery influence in his gizzard. In default of their proper names, I immediately

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christened them, after Dandie Dinmont's two celebrated dogs, Pepper and Mustard. I had, however, but a short glimpse of their quality, for the yellow-face went forward amongst the seamen, whilst the red-visage dived downwards towards the steward's pantry. In the mean time we progressed merrily; and had soon passed that remarkably fine specimen of sea-urchin, the buoy at the Nore. But here the breeze died off, an occurrence, before the invention of steamers, of some moment; indeed, in the old shoy-hoy times I was once at sea three days and two nights between London and Ramsgate, now a certain passage of a few hours. But now calms are annihilated, and so long as the movement party are inclined to dance, the steam-engine will find them in music; in fact, I could not help associating its regular tramp, tramp, tramp, with the tune of a galoppe I had recently performed.

But these musings were suddenly diverted by the appearance of one of the most startling and singular phenomena that ever came under my notice. Imagine on one side the sea gently ruffled by a dying wind, into waves of a fine emerald green, playfully sparkling in the noon-tide sun; on the other hand, a terrific pitch-black mass rising abruptly from sea to sky, as if visibly dividing "the warm precincts of a cheerful day," from "the dark realms of Chaos and Old Night." But I am growing poetical. Suppose, then, if you have ever been under the white Flamborough Head, a black ditto, quite as bluff and

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as solid, and which you might have mistaken for some such stupendous headland but for the color, and that on looking upwards you could find no summit. So strong was the impression on my own fancy, that when my aunt inquired where we were, I could not help answering, in allusion to the hue and build of the phenomenon, that we were off Blackwall. "You are right, sir," said a strange voice—"I have observed the same black and wall-like appearance in the West Indies, and it was the forerunner of a hurricane." I looked for this prophet of ill-omen, and saw the yellow-faced man at my elbow. "It would be a charity," exclaimed my aunt, "to give the captain warning." "*He* knows it well enough," said the stranger, "and so does the steward; yonder he runs to the caboose, to tell the cook to gallop his potatoes and scorch his roasts, that he may lay his cloth before the gale comes." "A gale, eh!" mumbled the red-face, who had just climbed from below, with his mouth still full of victuals—"why don't the captain put back?" "We have gone about once," said the yellow-face, "to run into Margate; but the master thinks, perhaps, that he can edge off, and so escape the storm, or only catch a flap with its skirts. There it comes!" and he pointed toward the black mass now rapidly diffusing itself over the surface of the sea, which became first black, and then white, beneath its shadow; whilst a few faint forks of lightning darted about between the base of the cloud and the water. The waves immedi-

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ately round us had gradually subsided into a dead calm, and there was no perceptible motion but the vibration from the engine: when suddenly, with a brief but violent rush of wind, the vessel gave a deep lurch, and thenceforward indulged in a succession of rolls and heavings which took speedy effect on the very stoutest of our passengers. "Renounce me!" said he, "if I like the look of it!" "Or the feel of it, either," said a voice in an under-tone. The red-faced man turned still redder—fixed an angry eye on the speaker's complexion, and was evidently meditating some very personal retort; but whatever it might be, he was abruptly compelled to give it, with other matters, to the winds. If there be such a thing as love at first sight, there certainly are antipathies got up at quite as short a notice; and the man with the red face had thus conceived an instinctive aversion to the man with the yellow one, at whom he could not even look without visible symptoms of dislike. "And how do *you* feel, sir?" inquired the sufferer as I passed near him, just after one of his paroxysms. "Perfectly well as yet." "The better for you, sir," said the peppery man, rather sharply. "As for me, I'm as sick as a dog! I should not mind *that*, if it was in regular course; but there's that yellow fellow—just look at him, sir—there's a liver for you—there's disordered bile! a perfect walking Jaundice! *He's* the man to be sick, and yet he's quite well and comfortable—and I'm the man to be well—and here I

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can't keep anything! I assure you, sir, I have naturally a strong stomach, like a horse, sir—never had an indigestion—never! and as for appetite, I've been eating and drinking ever since I came on board! And yet you see how I am! And there's that saffron-colored fellow, I do believe it was his sickly face that first turned me—I do, upon my honor—there's that yellow-fevered rascal—renounce me! if he isn't going down to dinner!"

As had been predicted, we dined early, and, *par conséquent*, on half-dressed vegetables, a piece of red beef, superficially done brown, and a very hasty pudding. The coarse inferior nature of the fare did not escape my uncle's notice: "but I suppose," said he, "a keen salt water appetite is not particular as to feeding on prime qualities." The words were scarcely uttered when he suddenly turned pale, and laid down his knife and fork. Never having been at sea before, and aware of some unusual sensations within, he instantly attributed them to the old source, and whispered to me to forbid my stirring. "I am a dead man—but don't alarm your aunt." Guessing how the matter stood, I let him scramble by himself to the deck, from which in a few minutes he returned, filled a glass of wine, drank it off, and then gave me a significant nod. "Another reprieve, Frank. It's very unpleasant, but I'm convinced what has just happened was the saving of my life. The circulation was all but gone, when a sort of convulsion of the stomach set it a-going

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again, and gave me time to rally." "Accidents that will happen at sea," remarked our skipper. "And on shore, too," replied my uncle very solemnly.—"Captain, I have been dying suddenly these ten years." The captain screwed up his lips for a whistle, but it was not audible. "And for my part, sir," said our Daffodil, "I envy you your apoplexy. *I* am going, going, going, going, by inches."

At this announcement the cabin-boy hastily pulled out an assortment of basins, selected a large blue and white one, and placed it conveniently at the feet of the speaker. From the first glimpse of the sickly-looking passenger, our steward's-mate had pitched upon him for a pet patient, —he had watched him, listened to him, and whenever "Boy" was summoned in a strange voice, he invariably tried first at the yellow man. To his surprise, however, the latter only gave the utensil a slight touch with his foot, saying, "It will do very well at a pinch, and boy—(yes, sir)—another time when you bring me such a thing as this—(yes, sir)—let me have the kettle along with it,—(yes, sir)—the sugar, a few lemons, and a bottle of rum." The boy, in sea phrase, was taken all aback. "Renounce me," whispered the Red-face, who happened to sit next me, "renounce me if he don't mean punch: I can't stand him!—I can't upon my soul!" and off he rushed again upon deck.

By this time the motion of the vessel had considerably

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increased, and between fear and curiosity, and certain more physical motives, the whole of the company successively went above to enjoy what proved to be a very bad look out. The whole sky had now gone into sables, and like Hamlet seemed contending with "a sea of troubles." On the lee side, swaying by the backstay stood the man with the red face, turned by recent exertion almost into purple. Instead of the languor and depression usually ascribed to the sea malady, it seemed to put him up instead of down, and his temper rose with his stomach. "I am worse than ever!" he said to me, almost choking between his affliction and his passion, "and there's that yellow wretch, quite composed, with a d——d cigar in his mouth! I can't understand it, sir—it's against nature. As for me—I shall die of it! I know I shall!—I shall burst a vessel, sir. I thought I had just now—but it was only the pint of port!"

As he spoke the vessel shipped a heavy sea, and heeled over almost on her beam-ends. "I suppose," said my uncle, "that's what they call a water-spout." "It's a squall!" said the Yellow-face. "It's a female scream," cried my aunt, wringing her hands, and in reality we heard a shrill cry of distress that drew us in a body towards the fore-part of the vessel. "It's the lady o' title," said the mate, "she was above 'sociating with the passengers, and preferred sitting in her own carriage—

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lucky she didn't go overboard coach and all." My worthy uncle indignantly declared the thing to be impossible. "Do you pretend to say there's a human being shut up in that carriage, because she won't even condescend to be drowned along with her fellow-creatures?" By way of answer, the mate and assistants contrived to drag the human being out of the vehicle, and certainly, between fright and a good ducking, she was a very forlorn-looking specimen of her order. "Well," muttered my uncle, "this is dignity with a vengeance! I should have thought even a lady of title might prefer a comfortable cabin to sitting in such a bathing-machine even with coronets on the top." "Poor thing," interposed my aunt, "it's the nature of her bringing up." "No doubt of it!" retorted Nunkle, "but to my mind it's an unchristian bringing up that prepares one so badly for going down." This shot silenced my poor aunt, but it did not prevent her from paying all possible attention to the Woman of Quality, on her way to the ladies' cabin, where she was deposited, at her own request, in a high berth. And so ended for the present the little episode of Lady D—— and her own carriage.

And now, my dear Gerard, imagine us all to creep like the exclusive lady into our own narrow dormitories, not that we were sleepy, but the violent pitching of the ship made it difficult, if not impossible, for any mere landsman to sit or stand. Indeed it would not

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have been easy to sleep, in spite of the concert that prevailed. First, a beam in one corner seemed taken in labor, then another began groaning,—plank after plank chimed in with its peculiar creak,—every bulkhead seemed to fret with an ache in it—sometimes the floor complained of a strain—next the ceiling cried out with a pain in its joints—and then came a general squeezing sound as if the whole vessel was in the last stage of collapse. Add to these the wild howling of the wind through the rigging, till the demon of the storm seemed to be playing coronachs over us on an Æolian harp,—the clatter of hail, the constant rushes of water around and overhead—and at every uncommon pitch, a chorus of female shrieks from the next cabin. To describe my own feelings, the night seemed spent between dozing and delirium. When I closed my eyes I had dreams of nightmares, not squatting ones merely, but vicious jades, that kicked, plunged, reared with and rolled over me: when I opened them, I beheld stools, trunks, bags, endowed with supernatural life, violently dancing—change sides, down the middle, back again, all round, and then *sauve qui peut*, in a sudden panic making a general rush at the cabin stairs. In the midst of this tumult struggled a solitary human figure, sometimes sitting, sometimes kneeling, sometimes rolling, or desperately clinging to the table,—till the table itself burst its bonds, threw a preliminary summer-

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set, and taking a loose sofa between its legs, prepared for a waltz. It was a countryman of Van Tromp who had thus resolved not to be drowned in his bed; and as even fright becomes comical by its extravagance, I could not help laughing in spite of my own miseries, to see the poor Dutchman at any extraordinary plunge clapping his hands as ecstatically as if it had been meant for applause. To tell the truth, the vessel occasionally gave such an awful lurch, that I seriously thought we should be left in it. At last towards morning our terrors were brought to a climax by a tremendous crash overhead, followed by a prodigious rush of water, under which the Lord Melville seemed to reel and stagger as if it had been wine, whilst part of the briny deluge rushed down into the cabin and flooded the lower beds. Our *claqueur*, poor Mynheer, clapped his hands long and loudly, taking it of course for the catastrophe of the piece. The vessel had been pooped, as it is called, by a monstrous wave which had torn four men from the helm, where they were steering with a long iron tiller, and had thrown them luckily almost to the funnel instead of over the quarter, when they must invitably have perished. On such angles, in this world, depend our destinies!

On going on deck I found the captain and the pilot anxiously looking out for the buoys which mark the entrance into the Maas. "I congratulate you, sir," said

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the yellow-face,—"steam has saved us,—mere canvas has not been so fortunate," and he pointed to the hull of a large ship with only her lower masts standing; she had gone down in shoal water, her stern resting on the bottom, whilst her bows still lifted with the waves. "And the crew?" The yellow man significantly shook his head—"No boat could live in such a sea." For the first time, Gerard, I felt sick—sick at heart. I have seen many completer wrecks, with their naval anatomy laid quite bare, but from that very circumstance, their wooden ribs and vertebræ being thus exposed, they looked more like the skeletons of stranded marine monsters; whereas, in the present instance, the vessel still preserved its habitable shape, and fancy persisted in peopling it with human creatures, moving, struggling, running to and fro, and at length in desperation clinging to the rigging of those now bare spars. I had even painted, Campbell-like, that wretched character, a Last Man, perched in dreary survivorship in the maintop, when, in startling unison with the thought, a voice muttered in my ear, "Yes! there he is!—he's been up there all night—and every soul but himself down below!" The speaker was the red-faced man. "A pretty considerable bad night, sir," said his Antipathy by way of a morning salutation. "An awful one, indeed," said the red-face,—"of course you've been sick at last?" "Not a notion of it." "Egad, then," cried my uncle,

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who had just emerged from the companion, "you must have some secret for it worth knowing!" "I guess I have," answered the other, very quietly. "Renounce me, if I didn't think so!" exclaimed the red-face in a tone of triumph—"it can't be done fairly without some secret or other, and I'd give a guinea, that's to say a sovereign, to know what it is." "It's a bargain," said the yellow-face, coolly holding out his hand for the money, which was as readily deposited in his palm, and thence transferred to a rather slenderly furnished squirrel-skin purse. "Now then," said the Carnation. "Why, then," said the Yellow Flower of the Forest, with a peculiar drawl through the nose, "you must jist go to sea, as I have done, for the best thirty years of your life." The indignation with which this recipe was received was smothered in a general burst of laughter from all within hearing. Luckily we were now summoneg to breakfast, where we found my Aunt, who expatiated eloquently on the horrors of the past night. "I really thought," she said, "that I was going to poor George." "Amongst sailors, ma'am," said our rough captain, very innocently, "we call him Old Davy."

In consequence of the sea running so high, we were unable to proceed to Rotterdam by the usual channel; and were occupied during a great part of the second day in going at half-speed through the canals. Tedious as was this course, it afforded us a sight of some of

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the characteristic scenery of that very remarkable country called Holland. We had abundant leisure to observe the picturesque craft, with their high cabins, and cabin windows well furnished with flower-pots and frows,—in fact, floating houses;—while the real houses, scarcely above the water level, looked like so many family arks that had gone only ashore, and would be got off next tide. These dwellings of either kind looked scrupulously clean, and particularly gay; the houses, indeed, with their bright pea-green doors and shutters, shining, bran new, as if by common consent, or some clause in their leases, they had all been freshly painted within the last week. But probably they must thus be continually done in oil to keep out the water,—the very Dryads, to keep them dry, being favored with a coat, or rather pantaloons, of sky-blue or red, or some smart color, on their trunks and lower limbs. At times, however, nothing could be seen but the banks, till perchance you detected a steeple and a few chimneys, as if a village had been sowed there, and was beginning to come up. The vagaries of the perspective, originating in such an arrangement, were rather amusing. For instance, I saw a ruminating cow apparently chewing the top of a tree, a Quixotic donkey attacking a windmill, and a wonderful horse, quietly reposing and dozing with a weathercock growing out of his back. Indeed it is not extravagant to suppose that

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a frog, without hopping, often enjoys a bird's-eye view of a neighboring town. So little was seen of the country, that my Aunt, in the simplicity of her heart, inquired seriously, "Where's Holland?" "It ought to be hereabouts, madam," said the yellow-face, "if it wasn't swamped in the night." "Swamped, indeed!" said the red-face; "it's sinful to mistrust Providence, but renounce me if I could live in such a place without an everlasting rainbow overhead to remind me of the promise." "They'd be drowned to-morrow, sir," said the captain, "if they wasn't continually driving piles, and building dams, like so many beavers on two legs." "They have all the ways of beavers, sure enough," chimed in my Uncle, "and, egad!" pointing to a round-sterned fellow at work on the bank, "they have the same breadth of tail."

Amongst other characteristic features of the landscape, if it had land enough to deserve the name, we frequently saw a solitary crane or heron at the water's edge, watching patiently for food, or resting on one leg in conscious security. I pointed them out to my Uncle, who, sportsman-like, was taking aim at a stork with his forefinger, when a hand was suddenly interposed before what represented the muzzle of the gun. It was the act of Mynheer the Claqueur. My Uncle reddened, but said nothing, though he afterwards favored me with his opinion. "The Dutchman was right. I have

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been thinking it over; and I have a misgiving we are too wasteful of animal lives. In England, now, those birds would not live a week without being peppered by the first fellow with a gun." "Because," said I, "we can sleep in England in spite of Philomel; but the Dutch nightingales are more noisy, besides being as numerous as their frogs, and they are glad to preserve any birds that will thin them out." "No, no, Frank," replied my Uncle, gravely shaking his head; "it's beyond a joke. I didn't say so before the Dutchman, because I don't choose to let down my native land: there's plenty of travellers to do that with a pretended liberality; but I don't set up for a cosmo-polite, which, to my mind, signifies being polite to every country except your own." "I have never heard the English accused," suggested your humble servant, "of wilful cruelty." "Not as to humankind, Frank: not as to humankind; but haven't we exterminated the bastards—I mean to say bustards; and haven't we got rid of the black cock of the walk —I should say the woods? As for the storks, they're the most filial and affectionate birds to old parents in all nature, and I take shame to myself for only aiming at them with a finger. God knows, I ought to have more fellow-feeling for sudden death!"

It was night ere we arrived at Rotterdam, safe and well, with the exception of my Uncle's umbrella and great-coat, supposed to have been washed overboard by the same sea

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that endangered the lady and her carriage. Whilst the rest of the family comfortably established themselves at the Hôtel des Pays Bas, I took a hasty ramble by moonlight through the city, and have thrown my first impressions into verse, which, according to agreement, please to present with my dear love to your sister. In plainer but not less sincere prose, accept the hearty regard of,

My dear Gerard, yours ever truly,

FRANK SOMERVILLE.

TO * * * * *

I GAZE upon a city,
A city new and strange;
Down many a wat'ry vista
My fancy takes a range;
From side to side I saunter,
And wonder where I am;—
And can *you* be in England,
And I at Rotterdam!

Before me lie dark waters,
In broad canals and deep,
Whereon the silver moonbeams
Sleep, restless in their sleep:
A sort of vulgar Venice
Reminds me where I am,—

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Yes, yes, you are in England,
And I'm at Rotterdam.

Tall houses, with quaint gables,
Where frequent windows shine,
And quays that lead to bridges,
And trees in formal line,
And masts of spicy vessels,
From distant Surinam,—
All tell me you're in England,
And I'm at Rotterdam.

Those sailors—how outlandish
The face and garb of each!
They deal in foreign gestures,
And use a foreign speech;
A tongue not learned near Isis,
Or studied by the Cam,
Declares that you're in England,
But I'm at Rotterdam.

And now across a market
My doubtful way I trace,
Where stands a solemn statue,
The Genius of the place;
And to the great Erasmus
I offer my salam,—

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UP THE RHINE.

Who tells me you're in Eng
And I'm at Rotterdam.

The coffee-room is open,
I mingle with the crowd;
The dominoes are rattling,
The hookahs raise a cloud;
A flavor, none of Fearon's,
That mingles with my dram,
Reminds me you're in England,
But I'm at Rotterdam.

Then here it goes, a bumper,—
The toast it shall be mine,
In Schiedam, or in Sherry,
Tokay, or Hock of Rhine,—
It well deserves the brightest
Where sunbeam ever swam,—
"The girl I love in England,"
I drink at Rotterdam.

TO MISS WILMOT AT WOODLANDS, NEAR BECKENHAM, KENT.

My dear Margaret,—As I predicted, our travels began in trouble, and from the course of events, will end, I expect, in the same way. What could be more unfortu-

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nate than to come to the Continent in a storm so awful that I cannot bear to think of it, much less to describe it, beyond saying, that between raging winds and waves, and thunder and lightning, nature itself seemed on the point of being wrecked! But I must not repine; for though I have been frightened to death, and shaken to pieces, and worn down by sea-sickness, and subjected to all sorts of discomforts and disagreeables, and within an inch of being drowned at sea myself, it was all to wean me from my losses and restore my peace of mind. As such, it is my duty to reflect on nothing but my brother's affection, however distressing in its effects on my own weak nerves. It took us two whole days to reach Rotterdam, though it was but a remove from one danger to another, for the country of Holland lies so low in the water, that they say it would be as fatal to spring a leak as in a ship. Indeed, as my own eyes assured me, we were often swimming higher than the tops of the houses; a dreadful consideration, when you think that a water-rat, by boring a hole in the banks, would do more havoc amongst the inhabitants than a loose tiger. As it is, the poor people are compelled to employ a whole army of windmills,—though how the water is to be ground dry into dry ground is beyond my chemical knowledge. I do not quite know what he means, but my nephew says the natives live like a party in a parlor and all dammed. Still it was a change for the better, after all the dreadful sights and motions, and noises and

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smells, of a ship, to come to a quiet room and a comfortable meal. Above all, it was a real luxury to repose in a steady bed, with snow-white sheets, though, my spirits being overtired, I did nothing but cry all night long. But it is my dispensation to travel for the rest of my days through a vale of tears. Mentioning snow-white sheets, if cleanliness can ever be carried to excess, it is in Holland: —indeed, I fear I shall hardly be able to put up with English neatness when I return. The very servants have such caps and kerchiefs, and aprons, and lace, and so beautifully got up, I can compare it to nothing but a laundress on a pleasure party taking a day's wear of her mistress's best things. It is quite delightful to see,—though not unmixed with painful recollections, for you know how precise your dear late brother was about his linen. He was quite Dutch in that. Of course, they have a wash every week-day, besides the grand one on Saturdays, when they really wash up everything in the place except the water. As an instance of their particularity, at almost every house there is a sort of double looking-glass outside the window, as if for seeing up and down the street; but Frank says it is, that the Dutch ladies may watch, before being at home to a friend, whether he has dirty boots or shoes.

We have seen the principal sights of Rotterdam, the statue of Erasmus, the Arsenal, the Cathedral, with its monuments of Dutch Admirals, and its great organ,

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which plays almost too powerfully for mortal ears. But what most took my fancy was the curious pleasure-grounds round the town, with their outlandish summer-houses and little temples. They are all what you and I should call Old Bachelor's Gardens, laid out in fantastic figures and formal walks, but full of the finest plants. I never saw such superb flowers of their kind, or smelt so delicious a perfume. How the Dutch gentlemen can reconcile themselves to smoking tobacco in the midst of such a paradise of sweets, I cannot imagine, unless it is to kill the caterpillars; but their noses are surely insensible to good or bad smells, or they would never allow so many stagnant ditches and ponds covered with duckweed, that towards evening give out a stench fit to breed a plague. But such is life, sweet in the morning, but oh, how different in savor at the close! Knowing your partiality for flowers, I intended to send you a few of the fine sorts, particularly tulips and hyacinths, and was lucky enough, as I thought, to find out a shop, with roots and plants in the window, and a clerk who spoke a little English, and politely helped me in selecting the choicest kinds. Indeed, they had all such fine names they were sure to be good. The young man himself very civilly carried the parcel home to the hotel: but judge of my feelings when I came to look at the bill. I can only say I screamed! What do you think, Margaret, of seventy odd pounds for a few bulbs! But that's where I miss your dear brother,

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—for as you know, I used to leave all bargaining and accounts, and money matters, and in short everything, to poor George. The consequence was, we had quite a scene, which I need not say was extremely distressing in a strange hotel. To add to my agitation, my nephew was absent, and when I wanted to consult my brother, he was in his own room in one of his old fits, and nothing could be got from him except that he had done with this world. In the mean time the foreign clerk grew impatient, and at last worked himself into such a passion that he could not speak English, and Heaven knows what violence he threatened or would have done, if my brother, hearing the noise, had not rushed in, and scuffled him down the stairs. In the end, Frank had to go to the shop and arrange the matter, but as he declines saying on what terms, I am convinced it cost no trifle to get the Dutchman to take back his bulbs. It was as much as I could do, when all was over, to keep from hysterics, especially as my brother chose to be extremely harsh with me, and said it was very hard he could not go out of the world without a parcel of trumpery flowers distracting his latter end. But I was born to troubles, and as the proverb says, they never come single. The roots might be an error in judgment, but there could be none about the Dutch linen; which, of course, must be cheaper in Holland than anywhere else. Accordingly I laid in a good stock of shirting and sheeting, and

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napkins and towelling, for home use; but although the quality was excellent, and the bill quite reasonable, this good bargain cost me as much vexation as the bad one. My brother, indeed, did not scold, but though both he and my nephew wished me joy of my purchase, I saw by their faces that they meant quite the reverse. Such an untoward beginning quite scares me, and fills me with misgivings that in going farther I shall only fare worse. It grieves me to think, too, how *you* would delight in this tripping up the Rhine, instead of taking my place at Woodlands, whilst I am only fit for domestic duties and the quiet of home. A heavy heart, weak nerves, and broken spirits, are bad travelling companions, and at every step, alas! I am reminded, by some dilemma or other, what a stay and guide a woman loses in a husband like poor George.

Providentially we have not suffered as yet in our health, but I shall not be easy on that score till we leave Holland, as there is a low fever, they say, peculiar to the country, and very apt to attack the English, unless they smoke and drink drams all day long. Our next stage is by steamboat to Nimeguen, which is in a state of war against the Belgians for being Roman Catholics. Frank says the best plan would be to convert the Belgians to the Church of England, and then they would take the Thirty-nine Articles instead of fighting about Twenty-four. And for the sake of peace, and to save bloodshed, I devoutly hope

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it may be settled in some such way. But fatigue compels me to close. Pray distribute my kindest regards amongst all friends, and accept my love from, dear Margaret,

Your affectionate sister,

CATHERINE WILMOT.

P.S.—Martha begs me to forward the inclosed. She has had her own troubles, but has become more reconciled; though not without flying occasionally to her old trick of giving warning. But her warnings are like my poor brother's, and I really believe she would be heart-broken if I took her at her word. Like her mistress she has been buying bargains—though more as foreign curiosities than for use, except a beautiful brass milk-pail, which I have taken off her hands for the dairy at Woodlands.

TO REBECCA PAGE, AT THE WOODLANDS, NEAR BECKENHAM, KENT.

DEAR BECKY.—Littel did I think I shud ever ever ever rite you again! We have all bean on eternitty's brinx. Such a terrifickle storm! Tho' we are on Shure, I cant get it out of my Hed. Every room keeps spinnin with me like a roundy-bout at Grinnage Fare. Every chare I set on begins rockin like a nussin chare and the stares pitch and toss so I cant go up them xcept on all fores. They

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do say elevin other vessels flounderd off the Hooks of Holland in the same tempest with all their cruise. It begun in the arternoon, and prevaled all nite,—sich a nite O Grashus! Sich tossin and tumblin it was moraly unpossible to stand on wons legs and to compleat these discomfortables nothin wood sit easy. I might as well have et and drunk Hippokickany and antinomial wine. O Becky the Tea-totlers only give up fomentid lickers, but the Sea Totlers give up everything. To add to my frite down flumps the stewardis on her nees and begins skreeking we shall be pitcht all over! we shall be pitcht all over! Think I if *she* give up we may prepair for our wartery graves. At sich crisisus theres nothin like religun and if I repeted my Catkism wunce I said it a hundered times over and never wunce rite. You may gudge by that of my orrifide state, besides ringing my hands till the nails was of a blew black. Havin nose wat else I sed for in my last agny I confest every partical I had ever dun,—about John Futman and all. Luckly Missus was too much decomposed to atend to it but it will be a Warnin for the rest of my days. O Becky its awful wurk when it cums to sich a full unbuzzuming and you stand before your own eyes stript nakid to the verry botom of your sole. Wat seemed the innocentest things turn as black as coles. Even Luvvers look armless but they aint wen all their kisses cum to fly in your face. Makin free with triffles is the same. Littel did I think

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wen I give away an odd lofe it would lay so heavy. Then to be shure a little of Missus's tea and sugger seams no grate matter, partickly if youve agreed to find yure own, but as I no by experence evry ownce will turn to a pound of led in repentin. That wickid caddy Key give me menny a turn, and I made a pint as soon as the storm abatid to chuck it into the botomless otion. I do trust Becky you will foller my xampel and giv up watever goes agin yure conshins. If I name the linnin I trust youl excuse. Charrity kivers a multitud of sins, and to be shure its a charrity to give a-way a raggid shurt of Masters providid its not torn a purpus which I fear is sum times the case. Pray say the like from me to Mister Butler up at the Hall, he will take a Miss I no, —partickly as I hav drunk unbeknown wine along with him, but when yure at yur last pint what is Port in a storm! Won minit yure a living cretur, and the next you may be like wickid Jonas in the belly of Wales.

The only comfort I had besides Cristianity was to give Missus warnin witch I did over and over between her attax. No wagis on earth could reckonsile me to a sea goin place. Dress is dress and its hard on a servent to find too nasty grate broke loose Trunks between them has battered my pore ban box into a pan cake. To make bad wus as the otion they say levels all distinkshuns, and make won Womman as good as a nother I thought propper to go to sea in my best, and in course my waterd

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ribbins is no better for being washt with serges, or my bewtiful shot silk for gitting different shades of smoak blacks,—besides spiling my nice kid gluves with laying hold on tarry ropes, not to name bein drensht from top to toe with rottin salt water, and the personable risk of being drownded arter all. But I mite as well have tould the ship to soot itself as my Missus. I verrily beleave from her wild starin at me she did not no wether I talked English or Frentch. At last Martha says she we are going to a wurld where there is no sitivations. What an idear! But our superiers are always shy of our society, as if even hevin abuv was too good for servents. Talking of superiers there was a Tittled Lady in Bed in the Cabbin that sent every five minits for the capting, till at long and at last he got Crusty. Capting says she I insist on yure gitting the ship more out of the wind. I wish I could says he. Dont you no who I ham, says she very dignifide. Yes my Ladyship says the capting, but its blowin grate guns, and if so be you was a princess I couldn't make it blow littel pistles. Wat next but she must send for the Mate to ask him if he can swim. Yes my lady says he like a Duck. In that case says she I must condysend to lay hold on yure harm all nite. Axing pardin my ladyship says he its too grate honners for the like of me. No matter says she very proudlike, I insist on it. Then I'm verry sorry says the Mate makin a run off, but I'm terrible wanted up abuv to help in layin the ship on

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her beam ends. Thats what I call good authority, so you may supose wat danger we was in.

Howsumever here we are thenk providens on dry land if so be it can be cauld dry that is half ditchis and cannals, at a forin city, by name Rotter D—m. The King lives at the Ha-gue and I'll be bound its haguish enuf for Holland is a cold mashy flatulint country and lies so low they're only saved by being dammed. The wimmin go very tidy but the men wear very large close for smallclose and old fashinable hats. But I shouldn't prefer to settle in Holland for Dutch plaices must be very hard. Oh Becky such moppin and sloppin such chuckin up water at the winders and squirtin at the walls with littel fire ingins, but I supose with their moist climit the houses wouldn't be holesum if they warn't continually washing off the damp. Then the furnitur is kept like span new without speck or spot, it must be sumboddy's wurk to kill all the flies. To my mind the pepel are over clean as John Futman said when his master objectid to his thum mark on the hedge of the plate, a littel dirt does set off clenliness thats certin. Then as to nus mades they ought to have eyes all round their heds like spiders to watch the childrin by the cannals, thenk God I ant a Dutch parent I should be misrable for fear of my yung wons gittin to the keys. Lawk, an English muther in Holland wood be like a Hen with Ducklins!

We have seen many fine sites, and bildings, and par-

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tickly the Butcher's Hall, witch is all of red Brix, pick't out with wite, jest as if it was bilt of beefstake. Likewise the statute of Erasmis who inventid pickle herrins,—they do say in any orange bovine revolushuns it jumps into the cannal, and then cums out agin when the trubbles is over —but in course that's only a popish mirakle. Then there's the House of Fears,—fears enuf I warrant for every other hole and corner in the town was ravaged and ransackt by the French,—and the pore soles every minit expecten naber's fare. But that cant hapin agin, as in the case of beseiging they open all their slowces, and the Dutch being amphibbyus, all the enemy is drowndid xcept themselves. As respects vittles, we do verry well, only I am shi of the maid dishes, being sic a mashy forren country for fear of eating Frogs. Talkin of cookin, wat do you think Becky of sittin with a lited charcole stow under yure pettecots? Its the only way they have for airin their linnin,—tho' it looks more like a new cookery receat for How to smoak yure Hams. But I hear Missus bell, so with kind luve to all, includin John Futman, I remane in haste, my dear Becky Yure luving frend,

MARTHA PENNY.

TO GERARD BROOKE, ESQ.

MY DEAR GERARD,—At last we have turned our backs on the good city of Rotterdam, and made our first advance

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up the Waal branch of the fashionable river. As you are aware, the banks of the Lower Rhine are of a very uninteresting character: to sing their beauties one needs only, with Desdemona, to "sing all a green willow, sing willow, willow, willow." In such a case there is but one alternative. In the absence of good scenery and decorations, the traveller must turn for entertainment to the strolling company on board, and such pièces de circonstance as they may happen to present.

It is one of the discomforts of striving against the stream on the Rhine, that you must start extravagantly early, in order to accomplish the next stage before night. To aggravate this nuisance, the garçon appointed to rouse us crowed, like the "bonnie gray cock," a full hour too soon; and then, by way of amends, called us as much too late; so that we had to save our passage and passage-money (paid beforehand) by a race to the quay. Short as the course was, it led to a great deal of what the turf-men call *tailing*. Your humble servant was first on board, my Uncle made a bad second, my Aunt a worse third, her maid Martha barely saved her distance, and the baggage was nowhere at all. In fact, the steamer was already on the move before our Dutch porters made their appearance, so that the greater part of the luggage was literally pitched on board, with a clangor and clatter that excited a peal of merriment from ship and shore. "In the name of heaven, what is all this?" inquired my Uncle, who noticed a con-

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siderable addition to our sundries. "Oh, it's the beautiful brass pail," moaned my Aunt, writhing in pantomimical distress; "and look how it's all battered and bruised!" whilst her maid indignantly collected a shower of wooden shoes, intended to be presented as foreign curiosities to her fellow-servants at Woodlands. My Uncle shrugged up his shoulders and made a wry face at the prospect. "Zounds, Frank!" he said to me in an aside, "if we gather at this rate in our progress, we shall come to a stickfast in the end, like the great snow-ball in Sandford and Merton. To my mind, your poor Aunt is making a toil of a pleasure; however, the more little trouble she gets into, the more likely to forget her great one. Though, to be sure, it sounds odd," he continued, observing me smile, "for a widow to be wiping away her tears with a brass-pail."

I had now time to look round, and, on taking a survey of the company, was not sorry to recognize our old acquaintance the red-faced man, looking as ruddy as a Dutch apple, but like an apple that had been bruised. From whatever cause, there was a discoloration round his right eye, which hinted plainly with Lord Byron, that

"Sometimes we must box without the muffles."

especially when we are blessed with a temper as hot and hasty as a pepper-castor with a loose top. He eagerly pounced upon me as one with whom he could

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pour out his bottled-up grievances, and thus they began their audible effervescence :—" Glad to see you, Sir; here's a pretty eye for the beauties of the Rhine—black as my hat, Sir;—well it wasn't knocked out!" I sympathized of course, and inquired how it happened. "How, Sir? it could only happen in one way. I've heard of black devils, and blue devils, and renounce me if I don't think there are yellow ones."—"You do not surely mean our old shipmate the American?"—"Yes, but I do though. You remember how unpleasant he made himself to every person on board—wouldn't be sick or anything. As for me, it was natural instinct or something, but I hated him from the first time I set eyes on him. It gave me a turn to look at him. I felt as if I was turning bilious myself; I did indeed! If I don't cut him, thought I, the moment we get on shore, my name's not Bowker—John Bowker. So I asked him at Rotterdam to recommend a good inn, and he named the Skipper House. That was enough for me, and off I took myself to the Bath Hotel. Well, Sir, what next? After supper, and making myself comfortable, up I went to bed, and what do you think I saw?" Here Mr. John Bowker made a solemn pause, and looked me full in the face; his visage grew redder, except the black circle, which seemed to darken; he knocked his hat down over the damaged eye, fiercely rammed his double fists into his pockets, drew in a long

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breath, and then resumed in a voice quite guttural from the broil within: "Renounce me, Sir, if I didn't see his infernal jaundice face on the clean pillow!"—"Very unpleasant indeed." "Yes, Sir; there it was, all yellow in the middle of the white—just like a poached egg. By the bye I don't think I shall ever eat one again—he has quite poisoned the idea, Sir, he has upon my life!" There was an expression of loathing about the red face as he said this that would have delighted Dr. Johnson, who has recorded his opinion of a "good hater." However, I affected concern, and inquired how the untoward event had originated. "Originated!—phoo, phoo—no such thing. It was done on purpose, Sir, sheer *malice prepense.* I told him quite civilly, I was afraid of a little mistake. 'I'm afraid there is,' said he: 'what's your number?' 'My name,' said I, 'is Bowker—John Bowker—and I'm number seventeen.' 'Ah,' said he, 'that's just where it is—my name is Take-care-of-yourself, and I reckon I'm number one.' Cool, Sir, wasn't it? and I tried to be cool too, but I couldn't—blood will boil: it's human nature, Sir—and mine began singing in my ears like a kettle. Thought I, this must be vented somehow, or I shall burst a vessel; it's a dread of mine, Sir, that some day I shall burst a vessel, if my passion isn't worked off—and between that and his grinning at me, I couldn't help making a punch at the fellow's head: I couldn't upon my soul. That

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led to a scuffle, and the noise brought up the master and the garsoons—however, the end was, I got my bed and this beautiful black eye into the bargain—for the landlord soon proved my right to number seventeen." "And what excuse," I asked, "did the usurper offer for his intrusion?" "None in the world, Sir. Not a syllable! except that the Skipper House happened to be full, and my bed happened to be empty. Confound his yellow face!—I thought it was jaundice, or the American fever—but it's brass, Sir,—brass lacker. But that's not the end. 'In course,' said he, 'you'll allow a half-naked individual about twenty minutes or so to make himself decent and collect his traps?' Well, Sir, having vented my warmth, I was quite agreeable, and how do you think he spent the time?" Here another pause for the speaker to muster all his indignation. "Why, Sir, when it came to fresh making the bed, he had wound and rolled up both the sheets into balls, hard balls, Sir, as big as your head!" "An old trick," I remarked, "amongst nautical men, and called reefing." "Nothing more likely, Sir," said the red face; "he'd been thirty years at sea, you know, as he told me when he swindled me out of my sovereign. However, there were the two sheets—the only pair not in use—and the devil himself couldn't pick an end out of them, landlord, garsoons, and all. Renounce me if I don't believe they're *in statu quo* at this very moment—I do, upon my life!" The fervor with which he

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made this declaration quite upset my gravity: and he joined at first in my mirth, but stopped short as abruptly as if he had been seized by a spasm. "No, no, Sir," he said, with a serious shake of his head—"the thing's beyond a laugh. It's my remark, Sir, that I never took a strong dislike to a person at first sight without his giving me good reason for it in the end. Mark my words, Sir,—that turmeric-faced Yankee is my evil genius. He'll haunt me and spoil my pleasure wherever I go. He has poisoned the German ocean for me already, and now, Sir, he'll poison the river Rhine—he will, Sir, as sure as my name's Bowker—John Bowker—he'll poison the Rhine, and the Baths, and the Hock wine, and everything—as certain as I stand here!"

Absurd as this picture will seem to you, my dear Gerard, it is nevertheless sketched from nature. And, after all, how many of us there are who, in the pilgrimage of life, thus conjure up black, blue, or yellow-faced bugbears to poison our river Rhines! But, not to moralize, suppose me now driven by a smart shower into a rather noisy, very odoriferous, and piping-hot cabin, the rule against smoking having been reversed, by turning the prohibitory placards with their faces to the wall. Here I found my Uncle good-humoredly playing, or rather trying to play, at dominoes with a German, the only difficulties being that the German and English games are as different as the two languages. Still they perse-

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vered with laudable patience, each after his own fashion, till they had finished two glasses a-piece of curaçoa. "It is very extraordinary," remarked my Uncle, as he rose up, neither winner nor loser, "that in spite of the thousands and thousands of English who have passed up and down the Rhine, the natives have never yet learned to play at dominoes!"

A complaint from a countrywoman at the next table was quite in keeping. For some minutes past she had been calling out "Hoof! hoof! hoof!" to our squat little Dutchman of a garçon, who in return only grinned and shook his head. "It's really provoking," exclaimed the lady, "to have such a stupid waiter. He doesn't even know the French for an egg!"

Our first stoppage was at Dordrecht, or Dort, a quaint, characteristic town, that looked like an old acquaintance, its features being such as are common on the pictorial Dutch tiles. Here, amongst other additions to our living freight, we obtained a private soldier, of whom his wife or sweetheart took a most affectionate leave—as of a house lamb about to be butchered by "les braves Belges." Again, and again, and again, she called him back for more last words, and imprinted fresh editions, with additions, of her farewell, upon his lips, but the warning bell of the steamer rang, fatal as curfew to the light of love—the weeping female gave her warrior one more desperate hug, that almost lifted him off his feet; he tore himself from

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the arms that dropped listless, as if she had no further use for them in this world—the paddles revolved—and there on the quay, so long as Dordrecht remained in sight, we beheld the forlorn frow, gazing, as motionless and inanimate as one of the staring painted wooden dolls indigenous to her country. "Poor souls," murmured my Aunt, who had been looking on with glistening eyes; "what a horrid cruel thing is war, when it comes home to us!" My Uncle, too, gave utterance to a thought which sounded like an echo of my own: "Egad, Frank, there wasn't much Dutch phlegm in that!"

I was too much interested by this episode to notice the advent of another passenger, till he was announced in an angry whisper. "There he is again!—Curse his yellow face!—I thought he was a day a-head of me!" and lo! the American stood bodily before us, having halted at Dordrecht to inspect the saw-mills, and the ponds for containing the huge rafts of timber that float thither down the Rhine, from Switzerland and the Black Forest. His old opponent glared at him fiercely with his sound eye, and very soon found fuel for the flame. The deck of a steamer is supposed to be divided amid-ships by an imaginary line, aft of which the steerage passengers are expected not to intrude. In the Rhenish vessels this trespass is forbidden, by sundry polyglott inscriptions, under penalty of paying the higher rate of passage; and the arrangement affords a curious test of character. A modest or timid individual, a

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lover of law and order, scrupulously refrains from passing across the boundary; another, of a careless easy disposition, paces indifferently within or beyond the invisible fence, whilst a third fellow (ten to one he wears his hat all aslant) ostentatiously swaggers to the very stern, as if glorying that there is a privilege to usurp, and a rule to be broken. It was soon apparent to which of these classes our American belonged. "Look at him, sir," growled Mr. John Bowker, giving me a smart nudge with his elbow, "*do* look at him! He's a steerage passenger, and see where he is, *con*found his impudence! sitting on the skylight of the best cabin. Pray come here, sir;" and seizing me by the arm, he dragged me to the paddle-box, and pointed to the deck regulations, conspicuously painted up in three different languages. "There, sir, read that;" but he kindly saved me the trouble, by reading aloud the English version of the rules—"There's the law distinctly laid down, and yet that yellow scoundrel—" He broke off abruptly, for the yellow scoundrel, himself, attracted by our movements, came to see what we were looking at; deliberately read over the inscriptions in French, Dutch, and English, and then quietly resumed his seat on the skylight. "Cool, isn't it?" asked the chafing Bowker, "he can't say *now* he has had no warning. Renounce me, if I don't name it to the captain, I will, upon my life! What's to become of society, if we can't draw a line! Subversion of all order—levelling all ranks; democracy let loose;

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anarchy, sir, anarchy, anarchy, anarchy!" Here his vehemence inciting him to physical action, he began to walk the deck, with something of the mien of a rampant red lion; but still serving up to me the concoctions of his wrath, hot and hot. "I suppose he calls that American independence! (*A walk.*) Sir, if I abominate anything in the world, it's a Yankee, let alone his yellow face. (*Walk.*) It's hereditary, sir. My worthy father, John Bowker, senior, could never abide them—never! (*Walk.*) Sir, one day he met a ship captain, in the city, that wanted to know his way to the Minories. Says my father, 'I've an idea you're an American.' 'I guess I am,' said the captain. 'And pray, sir,' said my worthy parent, 'what do you see in my face to make you think I'd tell a Yankee his way to the Minories, or anywhere else?' Yes, sir, he did upon my life. He was quite consistent in that! (*Another walk and then a full stop.*) I suspect, sir, you think I am warm?" I could not help smiling an assent. "Well, sir, I know it. I *am* warm. It's my nature, and it's my principle to give nature her head. I've strong feelings, very; and I make a point never to balk them. For instance, if there's a color I detest, it's yellow. I hate it, sir, as a buffalo hates scarlet—and there's that Yankee with a yellow face, yellow eyes, yellow teeth, and a yellow waistcoat—renounce me, if I don't think he's yellow all through, ugh!" and with a grimace to match the grunt, he hurried off to the bows, as if to place the whole length

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of the vessel between himself and the object of his aversion. Still, with the true perversity of a self-tormentor, who will neither like things nor let them alone, he continued to watch every movement of his enemy, and was not slow in extracting fresh matter of offence. "I must go below," he muttered as he again approached me, "it's an infernal bore, but I *must!* There's no standing him! I can't walk the same deck! It's forbidden to talk to the helm, and there he is drawling away to the steersman! Renounce me, if he isn't telling him the story of the rolled-up sheets—I know it by his grinning! Sir, if I stay above, I shall have a fever,—he'll change my whole mass of blood—he will, as sure as fate;" and with a furious glance at the yellow face, down scrambled the peppery-tempered gentleman to cool his heat—like Bowker, senior, "he was quite consistent in that"—with a stiff glass of hot brandy and water.

As you know, Gerard, I am not professedly a sentimental traveller, like Sterne, yet I could not help moralizing on what had passed. Mr. John Bowker seemed to me but a type of our partisans and bigots, political and religious, who take advantage of any *colorable* pretext on the *palate* of their prejudices, to shut their hearts against a fellow-creature, who may wear green to their orange, or pink to their true blue. In short, Heaven knows how far I might have carried my reflections on the iniquity of hating a man for his yellow face, if I had not

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suddenly recollected that, ere now, many-a human being has been stolen, enslaved, bought and sold, scourged, branded, and even murdered, merely because he happened to have a black one. Should you still require an apology for these extra ruminations, I must refer for my excuse to the sight of the fortress of Gorcum, where nineteen Catholic priests suffered death for the faith that was in them; and to a glimpse of the castle of Lowenstein, in which Grotius was imprisoned for his opinions, and reduced to compose his renowned treatise "De Jure Belli et Pacis," where he could neither be comfortably at peace, nor conveniently make war.

I have said that steaming up the lower Rhine is sufficiently tedious; and it was eight o'clock P. M. ere we arrived at Nimeguen, a frontier town, chiefly remarkable as the place where the triple treaty was signed in 1678, between France, Holland and Spain. It will interest you more to remember, that Sir Walter Scott spent a night here, on his last melancholy journey towards Abbotsford and his long home. There is a story current that the innkeepers eagerly sent their carriages to await the arrival of the steamer which conveyed so illustrious a personage, and that Sir Walter unconsciously availed himself of the vehicle belonging to one hotel, to convey him to a rival establishment, of course to the great chagrin of the coach-proprietor. For our humble selves, we have set up our rest with Doctor, or Dokter,—a name which doubtless had

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a charm for my hypochondriac Uncle, quite independent of the recommendation of the German with whom he had played at dominoes, and who was probably a genteel "touter" in disguise. However, the house is clean, quiet, and comfortable, with a small garden in the rear, and a painted wooden figure of a Dutchman at the end of the main walk; to which figure, by the way, I caught my Uncle bowing, hat in hand, mistaking it, no doubt, for our Doctor himself. This wooden statuary is, timberly speaking, quite a branch of the Dutch fine arts, and surely art must be in its second childhood, when it returns to playing with dolls. On which theme, my dear Gerard, I could write an essay, but my paper being filled up, as well as my leisure, I must conclude with kind regards to yourself, and love to Emily.—Yours, &c.,

FRANK SOMERVILLE.

TO PETER BAGSTER, ESQ., SOLICITOR, CANTERBURY.

MY DEAR PETER,—I take shame to myself for not writing you before, as you could only come to one conclusion. But you have been long prepared for such an event, and consequently the less shock to your feelings; still, an old friend is an old friend, and I heartily beg your pardon for the sorrow I am sure you would display at my loss. As for black clothes, being professional wear, you would be at

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no cost, I trust, on that score, but I do hope you have not added to trouble by acting on my last will. But you were never hasty in law matters. No doubt it was my bounden duty to let you hear from Rotterdam, and my mind misgives there was some sort of promise to that effect, provided I lived over the voyage. At all events, I owe you an apology, and it is a melancholy excuse to make, but from day to day, I expected there would be news to break by another hand, that would fully account for my silence. I had two very smart warnings, one in a storm on board ship, and the other ashore, but both so nigh fatal that the next *must* be the finish. Though I am not sensibly weaker or worse, reason dictates that I am sapping in my vital parts; and at last, even my constitution seems to have given in. If I only felt any bodily pain, I should be a deal easier, but I am more comfortable than I have been for years, which I take to be about the worst symptom I could enjoy. Mayhap a mortification has set in, and my inward feelings are dead and gone beforehand, and in that case I shall go off in a moment, like a hair trigger. So much for the good to be done my health by the river Rhine! The present is writ at Nimeguen, and it will take two days more to get to Cologne, so that I am as sure of the port and sherry that Truby bet me, as if it was in my own cellar. Well, God's will be done! Nimeguen is as nigh to Heaven as Beckenham in Kent; and a thousand miles north or south, east or west,

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make no odds in our journey to a world that has neither latitude nor longitude.

Now I am here, I am not sorry to have had a peep at such a country as Holland; but being described by so many better hands in books of travels, besides pictures, I need not enlarge. If you only fancy the very worst country for hunting in the whole world, except for otter dogs, you will have it exactly. Every highway is a canal; and as for lanes and bridle-roads, they are nothing but ditches. By consequence, the lives of the natives are spent between keeping out water and letting in liquor, such as schiedam, aniseed, curaçoa, and the like; for, except for the *damming* they would be drowned like so many rats, and without the *dramming* they would be martyrs to ague and rheumatics, and the marsh fever. Frank says, the Hollanders are such a cold-blooded people, that nothing but their ardent spirits keep them from breeding back into fishes; be that as it may, I have certainly seen a Dutch youngster, no bigger than your own little Peter, junior, toss off his glass of *schnapps*, as they call it, as if it was to save him from turning into a sprat. It is only fair to mention, that Dutch water seems meant by Providence for scouring, or scrubbing, or washing, or sailing upon, or any other use in nature, except to drink neat. It costs poor Martha a score of wry faces only to hear it named, for she took one dose of it for want of warning, and it gave her a rattling fit of what she calls the Colliery Morbus.

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As regards foreign parts, I was most taken with Rotterdam. It is a fine outlandish business-like city, with a real Dutch medley of quays, and canals, and bridges, and steeples, and chimneys, and masts of ships, all in one point of view. The same forming, altogether, a picture that, to my mind, might be studied with advantage by certain folks at home. Not to name party spirit, which poisons every public measure in England, there is far too much of separating matters that ought never to be considered apart. By way of example, we hear the landed interest, and the funded interest, and the shipping interest, and so forth, talked of night after night in Parliament as if they were all private interests, instead of public ones; or what is worse, in opposition, instead of being partners in one great national firm—namely, Agriculture, Commerce, Manufactures, and Company. As such, it is neither just nor wise for one branch to be protected or encouraged at the expense of the rest; and besides, I have made up my mind that the welfare of any member, in the long-run, must be looked for in the prosperity of the whole. If we wish, then, to thrive as a nation, instead of splitting our bundle of sticks, we must bind them all up together, and consider our commerce, and agriculture, and manufactures, in one cluster, like the chimneys, the fine elm-trees, and the ships' masts on the Boomjes, as it is called, at Rotterdam. Those are my sentiments, though it is not speaking, mayhap, like a landowner with well-nigh a thousand acres in his own

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hands. But I am not going to favor you with a batch of politics, and besides I am called to meals, where I have promised myself the pleasure of drinking your health, old friend, in a bumper of Madeira, that has made a voyage to Java, in the East Indies.

Dear Peter,—Since the above, you will be concerned to hear I have had another very serious attack. It took place in Dokter's garden, having gone into the same after dinner to enjoy a little fresh air, when all at once I went off quite insensible, and nobody being by, except a painted wooden image of a Dutchman, it is unknown how long I remained in that state, and certainly should never have recovered, but for a providential cold shower of rain that brought me to by its shock to the system. My nephew will have it, that indulging in a glass of wine beyond the common, I only went to sleep in the bower; but relations are always sanguine, and particularly the youthful, and his affection, poor fellow, makes him hope the best. In my own mind, I am quite convinced it was suspended animation, and especially by being so terrible cold in my extremities. Truby makes light of these runaway knocks, as he calls them, but my own sense tells me, Peter, they are warnings that Death intends to soon call upon me in earnest. As such, you may suppose I am not best pleased to be pestered with matters, disagreeable at any time to

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freeborn principles, but particularly to a man under my serious circumstances. I allude to the passport system, whereby an Englishman abroad is treated like so much liquor, or wine, or soap, at home, that can't be moved without a permit. Here was a fellow, just now wanting me to show myself up at the police-office to be vizeed, and so forth; but for an individual going to another world to be passported out of Holland into Prussia seemed such an idle piece of business, not to say presumption, that I declined stirring in it. Master Frank, however, thought otherwise, and not being in my solemn frame of mind, was so obstinate on the subject that we almost came to words. So the end is, I have been vizeed, and identified behind my back, and made passable in Germany, forsooth, for six months to come!

Sister Kate rubs on in her usual way, in tolerable health, but taking on about poor George. She has got already into two or three travelling troubles, and by way of companion has encumbered herself with a bale of Dutch linen as big as a baby. And now, God bless you, and likewise all of the name. Something tells me it is a last farewell, from, Dear Peter, your sincere and dying friend,

RICHARD ORCHARD.

P.S.—I had the pleasure of forwarding a few gallons of real Dutch Hollands, which by this time should be on their road to Canterbury. It is called Schiedam, and

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makes a capital mixture, provided you don't brew it like a Mounseur in the house here, who makes his spirits and water without the spirits. That reminds me of your old joke against Bob Rugby, the classical schoolmaster, about mixing the Utile and Dulce. "Utile and Dulce be hanged!" says you, "the French drink it, and it's nothing but sugar and water."

TO GERARD BROOKE, ESQ.

My dear Gerard,—You will be glad to hear that we have escaped undrowned from that water-logged country called Holland,—a country, which, between its carillons and its canals, might be described by a punster as ringing wet.

We left Nimeguen with something of the ill-will with which we are apt, unjustly, to remember a place where we have suffered pain or experienced disappointment. And truly, to be cheated of great nature's second course, to be balked unnaturally of one of the most important non-naturals, is enough to upset one's moral as well as local affections. My Uncle says little, considering himself continually as on the brink of a sleep eternal; but my Aunt complains that she has never had a regular night's rest since she left London; whilst her maid declares, with a yawn, that foreign travelling is very racketty work, and has more than

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once hinted to her mistress that going abroad formed no part of her engagement. As for myself, I join with Dr. Watts' sluggard in wishing, tautologically, for "a little more sleep, and a little more slumber,"—but seem far more like a door *off* the hinges than *on* them, according to the serious poet's absurd simile. And all this gaping, and eye-watering, and drowsihed and discontent to be the work of a ridiculous Cockney, whom our evil fortune, personified in a Dutch *touter*, had conducted to the same hotel. He had been a unit of our sum total of passengers from Rotterdam, but had escaped any particular observation by his insignificance. Boxcoated, bandana'd, and shawled, a compound of the coachman, the coxcomb, and the clerk, there was no difficulty in classifying the animal at a glance—still, in spite of a slang air, a knowing look, and the use of certain significant phrases, that are most current in London, there was such a cold-muttonish expression in his round unmeaning face as assured you that the creature had no harm in him—that he was little likely to murder sleep or anything else. However, about midnight, when number one was dozing, number two dreaming, number three snoring, and number four, perhaps, panting under the nightmare of a heavy hot supper, the populous establishment was suddenly startled broad awake by two violent explosions that frightened the whole neighborhood from its propriety. In the first confusion of the senses, I really fancied, for the moment, that the Belgians were attempting to carry the city

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by a *coup-de-main.* In fact, Nimeguen being in a state of war, the alarm turned out the guard, and by the time I had donned my nether garment, some dozen soldiers were battering and clamoring for admittance at the door. On sallying from my room, I found the stairs and passages thronged with figures, male and female, in various degrees of nudity, amongst whom, our maid Martha was eminently conspicuous, having, for reasons of her own, exchanged her plain *bonnet-de-nuit* for her day-cap, with flaming geranium ribbons, the only article of full-dress on her person, or indeed amongst the whole party. As her mouth was wide open, she was probably either screaming or scolding, but her individual noise was lost and smothered in the confusion of tongues, that turned the lately quiet hotel into a second Babel. Some shouted "Fire!" others cried "Murder!" and one shrill feminine voice kept screaming, "The French! the French!" In the mean time, the patrol gained admittance, and with little ceremony forced their way up stairs towards the chamber to which we had traced the two reports. The door was locked and bolted, but was speedily burst open with the butt-end of a musket, the company entered, *en masse*, and lo! there was our Cockney, in a bright colored silk handkerchief for a turban, sitting bolt upright in his bed, and wondering with all his might at our intrusion, and that he could not quietly and comfortably let off his fire-arms at Nimeguen, as he had done ever since Marr's murder, out of his own little back

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window at Paddington or Dalston. It was not an easy matter to explain to him the nature of his misdemeanor, or to convince him afterwards that there was any harm in it. The landlady scolded in Dutch, the garçon jabbered in French, the serjeant of the guard threatened and swore in all the languages he could muster, whilst the Cockney bounced and blustered in bad English, that he was a free-born Briton, and so forth, and had a right to let off pistols all over the world. The squabble ran so high, that our countryman stood a fair chance, I was told, of a night's lodging in the guard-house, but at length the matter was adjusted by his being mulcted, ostensibly in default of having a license to carry arms, in a sum, which, of course, was spent in schnaps at the canteen. Moreover, he had an intimation that the damaged door would certainly appear amongst the items of his bill, and in Holland travellers' bills are anything but "easy beakers."* Finally, he had to endure from his fellow-tourists all the maledictions and reproaches to be expected from persons subjected to that severest of trials of temper, the being waked out of a first sleep, especially when having to start by an early steamer allows no time for a second one. As thunder turns small beer, the untimely explosions had soured the whole mass of the milk of human kindness—every word that fell was

* In the "Orbis Pictus," a Dutch-built polyglott school-book, birds of the *soft-billed* kind are rendered into English as "*easy beakers*."

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like an acidulated drop, and having literally clothed the devoted Cockney with curses, as with a garment, the mob of night-caps retired to their pillows, and

"We left him alone in his glory."

I was rather curious to observe what sort of countenance the author of the disturbance would wear the next morning; but when he made his appearance amongst us on board the steamer, instead of looking chop-fallen or abashed, there was such an appearance of complacent self-satisfaction in his face, as convinced me, that on his return to London he would brag of his noisy exploit at Nimeguen, to his comrades of Walbrook or Lothbury, as "a famous rumpus." I am afraid such exhibitions are but too common with Cockney travellers, who persist in perverting the end of the old adage, "When you are at Rome," &c., into "Do as you do at home." But remember I am far from intending to apply the term Cockney exclusively to the native of our own metropolis, who, if the whole horizon were canvas, would turn it into a panorama of London. Perhaps there are no more finished *badauds* extant than your French ones, of whatever rank, who fancy that the whole world is in France, and that all France is in Paris.

On reviewing the motley company on board, I was sorry to note the absence of the red and yellow faced men, the Mustard and Pepper that had hitherto served me for condiments. But, for the present, the amusement was to be

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furnished by a member of our own party. My Aunt, as you ought to know, is a simple, gentle creature, timid and helpless even for a woman, but as strong in her affections as weak in her nerves. In a word she resembles Chaucer's Prioress, who was "all conscience and tender heart." To this character she owes most of her travelling adventures, one of which I must now describe,—but under the seal of secrecy, for it is as sore a subject, with her, as the victorious *phoca* to Hector M'Intyre in the "Antiquary." Next to her standing regret for "poor George," it is one of her stock troubles that she is not a mother, and like some hens in the same predicament, she is sure to cluck and cover the first chick that comes in her way. To her great delight, therefore, she discovered amongst the company a smart, dapper, brisk, well-favored little fellow, with long flaxen ringlets, curling down his back,—a boy apparently about eight years old,—a great deal too young, in her opinion, to be sent travelling, and especially by water, under nobody's care but his own. Such a shameful neglect, as she called it, appealed directly to her pity, and made her resolve to be quite a parent to the forlorn little foreigner. Accordingly, she lavished on him a thousand motherly attentions, which at first seemed to amuse and gratify her *protégé*, though he afterwards received them with an ill grace enough. Still she persevered, womanlike, in bestowing her tenderness on its object, however ungrateful the return—indulging, from time to time, in strictures on Dutch fathers

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and mothers, and their management of children, in a language which, fortunately, was not the current one of the place. At last, to raise her indignation to the climax, she saw her adopted urchin betake himself to practices which she scarcely tolerated in children of a larger growth. "It was quite folly enough," she said, "to have dressed up a boy like a man, without teaching him or at least allowing him to imitate grown-up habits:—for instance, smoking tobacco—and, as I live," she almost screamed, "the little wretch is going to drink a glass of Dutch gin!" Such a sight upset all her patience—

> To be precocious
> *In schnapps* she reckoned was a sin atrocious.

But as a temperance exhortation in an unknown tongue could be of no possible use, she appealed at once, like some of our chartists, to physical force, and made a determined snatch at the devoted dram. This was a mortal affront to the long-haired manikin, who resisted with all his might and *mane*, and being wonderfully strong for his age, there ensued a protracted struggle, that afforded infinite amusement to the company on deck. My Aunt tugged, and hauled, and scolded in hissing English—the little fellow scuffled and kicked, and spluttered abundance of guttural German, proving, amongst his other accomplishments, that he was not at all backward in his swearing. Temperance, however, gained her point, by spilling

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the obnoxious liquor; and in revenge, the manikin vented his spleen by throwing the empty glass into the Rhine. So far all was well. My Aunt had fought triumphantly for what she considered her duty, and a great principle; but her satisfaction was doomed to be short-lived. My Uncle, who had watched the fray with unequivocal signs and sounds of amazement, could not help congratulating the victorious party on such an unusual exertion of spirit, and its signal success, for the defeated urchin had rushed off to digest his discomfiture in the fore-cabin. "Not," said my Uncle, "that I'm one of your wishy-washy tea-totallers; but a colt's a colt, and what is fit drink for a strong man may be a bad draught for a boy." "I ax pardon, sare," interposed our conducteur, who had been one of the heartiest laughers at the skirmish, "bot de leetle gentleman is not von boy—he is ein zwerg—vat you call von kleines mannchen."—"I suppose," cried my Uncle, "you mean a dwarf?"—"Ja! ja! von dwarf," answered the conducteur, "he have nine-und-zwanzig jahrs of old." Imagine, dear Gerard, the effect of such an announcement on a shrinking delicate female, with sensitive feelings, nearly akin to prudishness, like my poor Aunt! I confess I felt some anxiety as to the direction of her first impulse. Providentially, however, instead of urging her to jump overboard, it only impelled her to rush down below, where we found her in the pavilion, struggling, by Martha's help, with the hysterics, and fervently wishing, between her sobs, that she

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had never—never—never left Woodlands. She had not only let herself down, she considered, but all her sex; and especially her own countrywomen. "What could the foreigners think," she asked, "of an English lady, and above all, a widow, scuffling like a great masculine romp or hoyden with a strange man, no matter for his littleness—what can they say of me—oh! what *can* they say?"—"Why, as for that matter, Kate," answered my Uncle, playing the comforter, "whatever they say of you will be said in a foreign lingo, so you are sure to hear nothing disagreeable." "But it's what they will think," persisted the afflicted fair one. "Phoo! phoo!" said my Uncle, "they will only think that you fought very like a woman, or you would have chosen a fairer match." But the mourner was not to be soothed with words; nor, indeed, by anything short of engaging the pavilion for her, as a *locus penitentiæ*, where she could bewail her error, and her shame, under lock and key. "I'll tell you what it is, Frank," said my Uncle, after we had enjoyed a hearty laugh together, out of my Aunt's hearing, "it must never be named to poor Kate,—but from this time forward I shall think that little Gulliver and his nurse Glumdalstitch was not such an out-of-the-way story after all!"

I subsequently learned, that the little manikin in the steamer was a great man at Elberfield, in the cotton line; and our conducteur forewarned me, that I should probably meet with several copies of this pocket edition of the

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human species in the Rhenish provinces, and particularly two brothers, born at Coblenz. It is singular that the empire has been equally prolific in natural and supernatural dwarfs. To Germany our show caravans and Lilliputian exhibitions have been indebted for many of their most remarkable pigmies; whilst imps, elfins, little gray men, "and such small deer," literally swarm in its romantic mythology;—a coincidence I humbly submit to the speculations of our philosophers.

At Lobith we reached the frontier, and passed from the guardianship of the Triton, or John Dory, or Stock-fish, or whatever else is the Dutch tutelary Emblem,—under the protecting wings of the Black Eagle, which we soon saw displayed, in the attitude of a bird of prey on a barn-door. Our passports were consequently in requisition at Emmerich, the first Prussian town, and led to a scene on the part of our Hypochondriac, which he had already rehearsed at Nimeguen. Accordingly, to the request for the document, he quietly answered that there was no need. "But, sare, you shall go to Cologne," said the conducteur. "Sir, I shall do no such thing," retorted my Uncle with some asperity, as if arguing the point with old Truby himself. "Sare, as you please," returned the conducteur, with the national shrug and grimace; "bot you must not go by de Preussich frontière wizzout de visé." "My good fellow," said my Uncle, smiling gravely, "I am going beyond the great frontier of all, and where your King of

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Prussia can't stop me, with all his police, and his army to boot." "Teufel! vere is dat?" exclaimed the German, astounded by this apparent denial of the power of an absolute monarch. "It's another and a better world," said my Uncle, solemnly, and with a shake of the head that, like Lord Burleigh's, was a homily in itself: "and mark my words, Sir, I shall be there before night." It was now time to interfere; and, by dint of expostulation, I obtained the paper. "Well, Frank, there it is,—but, mind, it's a dead letter. Do what you like with it, only don't let me be troubled with any such worldly formalities again."

Apropos de bottes—our conducteur, a shrewd fellow, with a taste for humor, told me he had seen a passport the day before, wherein the bearer described himself as a "man of property," and, by way of giving weight to the document, it was indorsed by the Right Honorable the Lord Mayor of London, and one or two of the Aldermen. What a characteristic trait of a moneyed Cit on his travels!

Whilst our papers were under the inspection of the police, the familiars of another inquisition boarded the vessel, and commenced their function. They conducted themselves very civilly; but it would be bad policy indeed, at the threshold of a grand and profitable exhibition—and such is the Rhine—to allow visiters to be disgusted by any official rudeness at the threshold. The search, therefore, was politely strict, but nothing objectionable was discovered, except a certain bale of Dutch linen,

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at which the officers made a dead set. I was about to interpose on behalf of the owner, when her maid resolutely undertook the defence. The holland, she said, was honestly come by and paid for, and belonged to her mistress. "Bot it is goods for a tax," said the officer. "It's no such thing," said Martha, positively, and becoming unconsciously an advocate for free trade; "the Dutch charged no taxes on it, and it stands to reason it can't be taxed in Germany." "You shall see de boke," said the officer,—"you know vat is a tariff?" "It's a fiddlestick," retorted Martha, waxing angry. "It is de Yarman Commercial Leg," said the douanier. "Leg or no leg," replied the championess, "it's not going to walk off with my missis's property." "Why for, den, you not declare it?" asked the officer; whereupon the maid declared, she knew nothing about declarations. "If you seize the linen, you shall seize me," said she, and suiting the action to the word, she seated herself on the bale with the dignity of a Lord Chancellor, the fountain of all equity, on his woolsack. The officers looked puzzled and undecided how to act, when they were fortunately relieved from the dilemma by a personage who had hitherto taken no more notice of the matter than if he had literally done with the things of this world. "Martha, ask my sister to step here." Up jumped the unconscious maid to perform this errand; but her back was no sooner turned, than, pointing to the linen, my uncle addressed the douaniers

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"Take it, gentlemen, and welcome. It is heartily at your service, to make into shirts or towelling, or whatever you or your wives think proper." The officers stared and seemed to doubt the purport of this speech, till I translated it into the best German I could muster. Then they stared still more, as if thinking, not without reason, that Englishmen are very droll people; but suddenly recollecting themselves, they made a low bow, first to my Uncle, then another to me, and then, without a word, handed the bale over the side, and took their departure. "I'll tell you what it is, Frank," said my Uncle, "many persons in such a case would have stood out, but in the first place we have got rid of a great incumbrance, and in the second place, before it got to Woodlands, the Dutch linen would have cost more than double its worth. Above all, its being seized will be a comfort to your Aunt. Yes, you may laugh, but there's nothing in life so good for a fretful person as a real vexation. That's my remark; and take my word for it, for a week to come, Kate will be far more angry with the King of Prussia, than troubled about poor George."

But, however right in his theory, my Uncle found himself mistaken as to the conductor that was to carry off the shock. The moment Martha returned, and discovered that she had been robbed, like a hen off her eggs, she set up a clamor that could only be silenced by her master's ac-

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knowledgment of his own share in the transaction. Big with this fact, she ran back to her mistress, and when we afterwards dined in the pavilion, for my Aunt declined appearing at the table-d'hôte, she did not fail to bring her Dutch cloth on the table. "It was hard enough," she said, "to be disappointed, in what she did for the best, without the pain of owing it to her own brother's cruel connivance." Her own brother looked a little foolish at this remark, and had she been content with her advantage, would have probably been worsted, but when she went on to charge him with ingratitude, seeing that the beautiful Dutch linen was intended for a new set of shirts for himself, his constitutional infirmity supplied him with a defence. "Well, well, Kate, let bygones be bygones. What is done is done, and it's no use taking it to heart. And besides, Kate," he added, quite seriously, "you have one comfort, and that is, if the Dutch linen was to be made into shirts for me, I should never, you know, have lived to wear 'em."

To borrow a phrase that fell from the Cockney, "the steam-boat passes a night on board" between Nimeguen and Cologne, and in the interim the passengers sleep as they may or can, without any accommodation for the purpose. In défault of a berth, a *corner* is the best resting-place; but to obtain such a nook I had to dispossess a score of German pipes. Here I dozed, sitting, till towards morning, when methought a bell began to ring, the pad-

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dles stopped, and the vessel brought up with a jolt against something hard. Some dozen of outlandish figures, in fancy caps, immediately roused up, and, each selecting a pipe, groped their way out of the dingy atmosphere of the cabin, where as many other shapes, some still more foreign, and every one armed with a meerschaum, as speedily filled their places. The bell rang a second time, the paddles revolved, the vibration recommenced, my eyes closed again, and when they opened to the daylight, I was told that we had stopped and exchanged some of our live stock at Düsseldorf.

A few of the bipeds we had obtained by this transaction were, as to costume, extremely grotesque. One of them, a short, squat, vulgar-looking personage, particularly attracted my Uncle's notice. "In the name of wonder, Frank, what can that long-haired fellow be?—the one yonder in the black velvet cap, with a notch cut out of the brim, like a barber's basin." "I suspect," said I, "he is a painter, or would-be painter, from Düsseldorf; that cap is an imitation of Raffael's, and the great hat near it is a copy of Rubens's." My Uncle received this intelligence with a "Humph." All kinds of foppery are his especial aversion, and he did not conceal his disgust. "Painters, indeed! Take my word for it, Frank, they are rank daubers. It's my notion that people who are so full of themselves are always empty of everything else. As for their Raffael and Rubens hats, I'd back a common London house-painter

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agin them in his paper cap. No, no, Frank; a man that makes such an exhibition of himself will never cut a figure at Somerset House."

In the mean time, these young masters strutted about as complacently as if they had really rivalled the old ones by an "Assumption" and a "Transfiguration." The Raffaelesque hero, in particular, had arranged his *chevelure* so elaborately after that of Sanzio, as to prove that, if not otherwise skilful, he could handle a hair-brush. But the thing was a profanation; and I could not help favoring the brace of Burschen with a mental apostrophe.—"Gentlemen, instead of dressing after Rubens and Raffael, you ought to have gone naked long before them—in the savage ages, gentlemen, when you might at once have exercised your art, and gratified your personal vanity, by painting your own bodies."

That vented me; and now, Gerard, for fear of mistakes, please to turn to the noble work on Modern German Art, by the Count Athanasius Raczynski, and there you will find that Düsseldorf can turn out painters, and good ones too, as well as lay figures.

Now, then, methinks you cry, for Cologne;—but my hand is tired, and my pen is worn out, and I must reserve that ancient city (it smells high but it will keep) for another letter. All love to Emily, from, dear Gerard, yours very truly,

FRANK SOMERVILLE.

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P.S.—You remember Grundy, not the celebrated old lady of that name, but our school-fellow at Harrow. He has just put up at our hotel in his way homewards, full of grumbling and grievances, and anathematizing the Rhinelanders for having "extorted" him. Right or wrong, his indignation has turned his complaint into verse, and here follows a copy of what Mr. Grundy says of the natives :—

Ye Tourists and Travellers, bound to the Rhine,
Provided with passport, that requisite docket,
First listen to one little whisper of mine—
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

Don't wash or be shaved—go like hairy wild men,
Play dominoes, smoke, wear a cap, and smock-frock it,
But if you speak English, or look it, why then
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

You'll sleep at great inns, in the smallest of beds
Find charges as apt to mount up as a rocket,
With thirty per cent. as a tax on your heads,
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

You'll see old Cologne,—not the sweetest of towns,—
Wherever you follow your nose you will shock it;
And you'll pay your three dollars to look at three crowns,
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

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You'll count seven Mountains, and see Roland's Eck,
Hear legends veracious as any by Crockett;
But oh! to the tone of romance what a check,
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

Old Castles you'll see on the vine-covered hill,—
Fine ruins to rivet the eye in its socket—
Once haunts of Baronial Banditti,—and still
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

You'll stop at Coblence, with its beautiful views,
But make no long stay with your money to stock it,
Where Jews are all Germans, and Germans all Jews;
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

A Fortress you'll see, which, as people report,
Can never be captured, save famine should block it—
Ascend Ehrenbreitstein—but that's not their *forte*,
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket

You'll see an old man who'll let off an old gun,
And Lurley, with her hurly-burly, will mock it;
But think that the words of the echo thus run,
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

You'll gaze on the Rheingau, the soil of the Vine!
Of course you will freely Moselle it and Hock it—
P'raps purchase some pieces of Humbugheim wine—
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

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Perchance you will take a frisk off to the Baths—
Where some to their heads hold a pistol and cock it;
But still mind the warning, wherever your paths,
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

And Friendships you'll swear most eternal of pacts,
Change rings, and give hair to be put in a locket;
But still, in the most sentimental of acts,
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket! . . .

In short, if you visit that stream or its shore,
Still keep at your elbow one caution to knock it,
And where Schinderhannes was Robber of yore,
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

TO REBECCA PAGE, AT THE WOODLANDS, NEAR BECKNAM, KENT.

Dear Becky,—This is to say we ar all safe and well, tho' it's a wunder, for forrin traveling is like a deceatful luvver, witch don't improve on acquaintance. Wat haven't I gone thro since my last faver! Fust morbust by bad Dutch warter, and then frited to deth at Nim Again with a false alarm of the Frentch, besides a a dredful could, ketched by leaving my warm bed, and no time to clap on a varsal thing, xcept my best cap. Well,

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I've give three warnins, and the next, as master says, will be for good, even if I have to advertize for a plaice, but ketch me sayin no objexshuns to go abroad. Not but Missis have had her own trials, but that's between our too selves, for she wouldn't like it to git about that she have had a pitcht battel with a dwarft for a glass of gin. Then there's the batterd brass pale, and the Holland—only think, Becky, of the bewtiful Dutch linnin being confisticated by the Custom-house Cæsars! It was took up for dutis at the Garman outskirts. But, as I tould the officers, the King of Garmany ortn't to think only of the dutis dew to himself, but of his dutis towards his nabers. The Prushian customs is very bad customs, that's certin. Everything that's xported into the country must pay by wait, witch naterally falls most heviest on the litest pusses. There's dress. Rich fokes can go in spidder nets and gossumers, and fine gorses, but pore peple must ware thick stuffs and gingums, and all sorts of corse and doreable texters, and so the hard workin class cum to be more taxt than the upper orders, with their flimsy habbits. The same with other yuseful artikels. Wat's a silvur tooth-pick in wait compared with a kitching poker, or a filligre goold watch to an 8 day clock. Howsumever, the Dutch linnin was confisticated in spite of my teeth, for Master chose to giv up the pint, and he desarves to go without a Shurt for his panes.

Amung other discomfits, theres no beds in the vessles

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up the Rind. So, for too hole days, we have been damp shifted, as they call it, without taking off our close, and, as you may supose, I am tired of steeming. Our present stop is at Colon. They say its a verry old citty, and bilt by the Romans, and sure enuff Roman noses didn't easily turn up. The natives must have verry strong oilfactories, that's certin. O, Becky, sich sniffs and guffs, in spite of my stuft hed! This mornin it raind cats and dogs, but the heviest showrs cant pourify the place. It's enuff to fumigate a pleg. Won thing is the bad smells obleege strangers to buy the O de Colon, and praps the stenchis is encouraged on that account. The wust is, wen you want a bottel of the rite sort, theres so menny farinacious impostors, and Johns and Marias, you don't know witch is him or her.

Colon is full of Sites. The principle is the Cathedrul, and by rites theres a Crane pearcht on the tiptop, like the Storks in Holland; but I was out of luck, or he was off a feeding, for he wasnt there. So we went into the Interium witch was performing Hi Mass, that's to say, me and one of the hottel waiters, who is playing the civel, and I can onely say its enuff to turn one's hed. Wat with the lofty pillers, and the picters, and the gelding and the calving, I felt perfeckly dizzy, but wen the sunshin came rainbowin thro the panted glass winders, and the organ played up, and the Quire of singers with their hevinly vices, and the Priest was insensed with the

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perfumery, down I went, willy nilly, on both nees, and was amost controverted into a Cathlick afore I knowed were I was! Luckly, I rekollected Transmigration, witch I cant nor wont believe in, and that jumpt me up agin on my legs. Next, we see a prodigus chest, all of sollid Goold, and when you look through a little grating, you see the empty skulls of the wise kings. They're as brown as mogany, with crowns on, and their christian names ritten in rubbies, if so be it ant red glass. For they do say, wen the Munks run away from the Frentch they took the goold chest, and the three wunderful wise heds, along with them, and sackreligiously pickt out the best part of the volubles and jowls. As another peace of profannity, the hart of Mary de Medicine is left under a grave stone, in the church pavement—but where the rest of her boddy have been boddy snatcht to noboddy nose.

The next site was certinly an uncommon one—a church chock full of the relicks of morality. I over heard Mr. Frank say, its praps the chastist stile of arkitecter in the world. Howsomver, its full of the Skellitons of Saint Ursulus and Elevin Thowsend Old Maids. Their bones are stuck in the sealing, and into the walls, and under the flore, and into glass cases,—its nuthin but bones, bones, bones. But no wunder there was so menny spinsters afore time, considering that now-a-days they're tied down to won chance, namely, a Cathlick sweat-hart. Wat do you think, Becky, of three hunderd yung wimmin,

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onely the tother day, binding their selves, by a solum act and deed, in black and wite, never to marry any yung man as is Reformed? Theres a pretty way to cause everlastin seperations, instead of mattermony, between the male and female sects! And as for the marrid alreddy, theyre to take an affidavid that every Babby they have shall be brought up a Pappist! Wat can cum of such a derangement but unlegitimit constructions and domestic squablings. If anny thing can interdeuce discomfiture betwixt man and wife, its religus biggamy—I shuld have said Biggotry, but they boath sound the same. For my own parts, insted of objectin to a Cathlic, I should feel my Christian deuty to embrace him, as praps the happy Instrument, under Grace, of making him a convict. But enuff of Saint Ursulus and her Elevin Thowsend Old Maids. Onely among other curosities, there was the identicle stone jarr as held the warter as was turned into wine at the marridge in Gallilee—an odd thing, thinks I, to show up a Weddin Relict along with so menny marters to Single blessidness. But arter all, the real mirakle, praps, is to see so menny single peple in a mob.

Next to fine sites, Colon swarms with raggid misrable objects, but I'm sorry I can't stop to shock you with them, being wanted to pack up. You know what that is with a figitty Missis, who is never happy xcept she's corded up over night, and on a porter's back in the morning. To-morrow youl find us on the map of Cob-

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lense. I did hope we had dun with steeming, and were to go Dilligently by land; but after seeing the Male cum in, Master declined. Sure enuff, the coatch is divided into three cages, and catch me travelin, says he, in a wild Beast carrivan. Besides, says he, if the leaders chuse to be misleaders, we are shure to be over a precipus, for its a deal esier, says he, for the horsis to pull us down, then for the Postylion to pull 'em up. But sich is forrin traveling—as regards sarvants—if you an't drownded, yure broken neckt, without any advantage to yureself. But I've fully maid up my mind, that the fust axident shall be a thurow split and a rupter, and a break off of evry thing between me and Missis. Lord nose I'm willin to live and die for her, but not to have a put out sholder or a fractious leg.

Give my love to Cook, and to Peggy, and to John Futman, not forgettin Mister Butler up at the Hall—and tell them my Hart is in its old place, in spite of a change of sitivation. With the same sentimint towards yureself, I remane, dear Becky, yure luving Frend,

MARTHA PENNY.

Poscrip.—Don't go to supose any think partickler betwixt me and the Vally de Sham de place. To be shure, he did try to talk luve nonsinse in broken English, and asked me how I shud like a Germin man. Man means husband in their languidge. But as I tould him there was

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two grate objekshuns. Praps yure a Lutherin, says he. No, says I, I'm a Cristian, but it an't that—my scrupples is irreligious. What's them, says he. Why, then, says I, its backer and garlick. And it ant pleasent to have a sweathart as can't come nigh won without yure being fumigatid. So my gentilman took miff—but wheres the trew luve if a luver won't give up a nasty puffy habbit?

TO DOCTOR TRUBY, BECKENHAM, KENT.

DEAR DOCTOR,—As the post-mark will show, we are at Cologne, whereby you have won the Hock wine, and I think I see you on the broad grin, and cracking your finger joints. Well, let those laugh that win. It was a very near thing, and you all but lost ten times over. Not to name other warnings by land and sea, there was Nimeguen, so near a finish, that I was dead and gone up to the knees. But that you won't believe, or at least you won't own to it. But I am no Methuselah for all that. It's my firm belief I shall never go out of Cologne alive. What signifies a man's eating, and drinking, and sleeping? All one's nourishment goes for nothing, if once sudden death has got insidiously into the system. My stamina is gone. My constitution broke up a matter of six years ago; and as for my organs and functions, they're not worth a straw. You know that as well as I do, but because I haven't

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exactly got apoplexy or epilepsy, or atrophy, or any of your regulation diseases, you won't allow me to have anything at all. Mayhap, it's a new case, or a complication of all the old ones, and beyond medical skill. That's my own impression, but I needn't repeat the symptoms, for you never could or would enter into my inward feelings. We shall see which is right. There was poor Bromley, with much such a complaint as mine—nobody believed *he* was going till he was gone, and it's my notion some people had their doubts even then.

Regarding our foreign travels, you will hear all about them from Bagster, excepting the night-bolt, which is at the bottom of the river Rhine. The very first time I tried it, there was a night alarm in the hotel, and between a new-fangled article and the dark, I might have been burnt or suffocated in my bed-chamber before I could unscrew myself out. So much for what, by your leave, I call your Infernal Machine.

As yet, I have not seen much of Cologne. I did try one or two strolls by myself, with one of the church-steeples for a guide; but what with the loftiness of the houses, and the narrowness and crookedness of the streets, I soon lost my landmark, and came to so many faults and checks, that I never went out but I lost myself like a Babe in the Wood, and had to be showed home by a little boy. That has put an end to my rambles for the present, for I can't bring my mind to the foreign fashion of going about

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with a lacquey-de-place at my heels, like a mad gentleman and his keeper. But I learned from my walks that Cologne has no Paving Board, nor Commissioners of Sewers. Every yard you go is like winding a pole-cat, and the roads are paved with rough stones, where the horses skate and slip about, on shoes as high-heeled as Queen Bess's. I happened to see one going to be shod in the Beast Market, and it was a sight to draw old Joe Bradley's eyes out of his head. By what I've seen of the German cattle, they are far from remarkable for spirit or vice, though, to judge by the blacksmith's contrivances, you would suppose the whole breed was by Beelzebub, out of the Devil's Dam. There was the horse, what you or I should call a Quaker's nag, shut in a cage like a wild beast, with a wooden bar to keep his head up, and another to keep it down, and a bar over his back, in case of his rearing, and one under his belly, to prevent his lying down, and a bar or chain behind him, to hinder his lashing out. If all that ceremony is fit and proper, thought I,—for one of our English farriers to take a horse's hoof into his lap, mayhap a young spicy colt, without a bar, or a chain, or anything, can be nothing else but a tempting of Providence.

I have seen the famous Cathedral, which is a fine building, but not half finished, and as such, an uncomfortable sight, for it looks like a broken promise to God. But they do say the King of Prussia is very anxious to complete it, which, being a Protestant, is a liberal feeling on his part,

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and deserved a better return from the Catholic Archbishop of Cologne than flying in the face of his Majesty, who, by what I hear, gives fair play to both religions. The more pity he was led to act harshly by his Jewish subjects, and point them out by law for mockery and ill-usage, even to forbidding them the use of Christian names; for, as I was told by a Jewish gentleman from Coblence, they were obliged to call their children after the Heathens and Pagans—Diana, and Flora, and Cerberus, and so forth, just like so many hounds. The very worst way in the world to make a Jewish father or mother say as Agrippa did, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."

From the Cathedral we went to St. Peter's Church, where I had a warning. But on that subject, as I said before, I shall hold hard, though it was a serious one for all that, and decidedly apoplectic. On my way home I looked in at several Catholic places of worship. In most of them service was going on, in which I joined, for although it was in a foreign tongue, I felt it was in praise of the Almighty, just as well as I knew that the music was a psalm tune, and not a jig. Thank God, Popery is none of my bugbears. I am not like old Mrs. Twisleton of Beckenham, who never closed her eyes for a week after Catholic Emancipation, for fear of being converted in her sleep. To my thinking, it's too late in the day for a Guy Faux or a Bloody Mary. If we ever see a bonfire in Smithfield, it will be to roast an ox whole, and not a mar-

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tyr. On the contrary, it's my firm belief that an *auto da fee* now-a-days would be called a burning shame by the Papists themselves. Roasting martyrs has gone by as well as drowning of witches; and when one fashion is expected to turn up again, it's time for our old women to quake in their shoes for fear of the other. However, some folks think otherwise, and are as panic-struck by their own fancies as old Farmer Phillpotts, who was well-nigh scared to death, one moonshiny night, by a scarecrow made out of his own old clothes. So in one of the churches here I met with a fellow-traveller who came over by the Lord Melville, a hot-tempered man, with a face as red all over as Carbuncle's nose, and a mighty broil he was in when the priests and singing-boys came past us in procession, with their candlesticks and banners.—"There," said he; "there's pomps and vanities, as we say in our Catechism; there's mummery! there's a gabble for you," when the priest began his Latin prayers. By and by a bell rang, and that sent him into a fresh tantrum. "What on earth has a little muffin-bell to do with religion?" Next, the priest held up the glory, or whatever it is called, which set the red face pulling as many wry mouths as if it had been a bottle of horse physic. At last I fairly expected to see him go into convulsions like a mad dog, for he got a sprinkle of the holy water on his coat sleeve, but he brushed it off in as great a hurry as if it had been drops of vitriol. "Renounce me," says he, "if I can put up with it!" and off he

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flounced into the aisle, which only made matters worse. "Here's more of their humbug," says he, pointing up at a black board that was hung to a pillar, and covered all over with little legs, and arms, and hands, and feet, in wax-work. "All miraculous cures, of course," says he; "but mayhap, sir, you believe in miracles? I don't, and no more did my father before me; and what's more, sir, he wouldn't have knelt down with a Papist on the same pavement—he wouldn't to save his soul." As that was a lash out at me, I spoke up, and made bold to ask if he approved of family worship? "I hope I do," said he, "we have it at home every night of our lives." "Because," said I, "it's my notion that all Christians are of one family, and as such, I can't understand how a friend to family worship can want to narrow the circle by shutting out any of his relations. To my mind, Christianity was meant to be represented by our good old Christmas dinners, where we tried to assemble all that belonged to us round one hospitable board, down to our nineteenth cousins. Mayha', I'm not quite orthodox," said I, "but I'm sincere, for they're the sentiments of a dying man." Well, it will be a laugh against me down at Beckenham, but you must have the end of the story. At last, from one thing to another, we got to high words in a whisper, when up comes a beadle, or verger, or policeman, or somebody in authority, and, not understanding English, takes quite the wrong side of the case. It's my belief, that, finding the other party the

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warmest of the two in his looks, and the highest in his voice, he thought he was defending instead of attacking the Catholic religion,—whereby showing the red-faced fellow into a seat right in front of the altar, he civilly beckoned, and signed, and wheedled me down the aisle, and then fairly bowed and scraped me out of the church door.

To tell the truth, Doctor, standing, as one may say, on the brink of the grave, and only comforted by a firm belief in my own persuasion, it shocks me to find men putting so little faith in the steadfastness and durability of their own church. It's surely a melancholy thing, but, as we see at Exeter Hall and elsewhere, those that most cry up Protestantism, and its truth, and beauty, and reasonableness, and excellence, and its being built on the solidest of all foundations, the rock of the Gospel itself, are the most down-hearted and desponding about its case. Instead of trusting to its own nature, or to Providence to support it, they go about crying that Protestantism is in danger, and, forsooth! give it over, just because, by their own accounts, it has the best constitution, namely, a divine one,—the best climate, namely, England,—the best diet, namely, the reading of the Bible,—the best exercise, namely, missionaries and itineranting,—the best physicians, namely, Archbishops and Bishops,—the best apothecaries, namely, poor curates,—the best nurses, namely, the speechifiers themselves,—and the blessing of God to boot. Now, in my humble opinion, a Christian man ought to put some confi-

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dence in the virtue of his religion, as well as in his wife's; for it's paying but a sorry compliment to either to be always expecting them to be corrupted and seduced—and what's worse, corrupted and seduced by an ill-favored, misbegotten monster, as the speechifiers themselves paint his portrait, as ugly as Buckhorse.

To return to ourselves, in my own state of health there is no amendment, but, as you know in your own heart, there was none to be looked for. I have only been sent up the river Rhine, as other patients in a desperate way are packed off to Madeira, that their funerals may not rise up against their Doctors. My sister Kate, as usual, talks of not surviving poor George; but as yet, I am glad to say, shows no constitutional symptoms of going after him. As for my Nephew, he is well and hearty, and enjoys his foreign travelling so much, I am quite grieved for his sake, poor fellow, to reflect how soon and suddenly it may be brought to a close. But after all, our life below is only a tour that ends by returning to the earth from whence we came. As such, I have reached my own last resting-place, and whenever you hear of the city of Cologne, I feel sure, dear Doctor, you will remember your old and very faithful friend, RICHARD ORCHARD.

P. S.—The medicine-chest you took such a spite at was left behind in a hurry at Rotterdam, and never missed till last night, when I wanted a tea-spoonful of magnesia I

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hope and trust I shall be able to get medicine in Germany; but Frank says, if their physics are like their metaphysics, a horse oughtn't to take them without good advice.

TO GERARD BROOKE, ESQ.

My dear Gerard,—To borrow the appropriate style of a bulletin of health, "our Hypochondriac has passed a bad night, but is free from fever, and hopes are entertained of his speedy convalescence."

The truth is, this morning we were rather alarmed by the prolonged absence of the head of the family. The breakfast appeared—the tea was made, and stood till it was cold—but no Uncle. As he is naturally an early riser, this circumstance excited, first surprise, then anxiety, and then apprehension. My Aunt looked astonished, serious, and at last terrified, lest her brother, fulfilling his own prophecy, should have really departed in earnest. In the end, I became nervous myself, and took the liberty of entering the bed-chamber of the absentee, when a sight presented itself which I cannot now recall without laughing.

Imagine my worthy Uncle lying broad awake, on his back, in a true German bedstead—a sort of wooden box or trough, so much too short for him, that his legs extended half-a-yard beyond it on either side of the foot-board. Above him, on his chest and stomach, from his chin to his

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knees, lay a huge squab or cushion, covered with a gay-patterned chintz, and ornamented at each corner with a fine tassel,—looking equally handsome, glossy, cold, and uncomfortable. For fear of deranging this article, he could only turn his eyes towards me as I entered, and when he spoke, it was with a voice that seemed weak and broken from exhaustion. "Frank, I've passed a miserable night." Not a doubt of it, thought I, with a glance at his accommodations. "I haven't—slept—a wink." Of course not (mentally). "Did you ever see such a thing as that?" with a slight nod and roll of his eyes towards the cushion. I shook my head. "If I moved—it fell off; and if I didn't, I got—the cramp." Here a sort of suppressed groan. "Frank,—I've only turned once—all night long." I ventured to suggest that he would have done well to kick off the incumbrance on purpose, and the words had hardly left my lips when off flew the variegated cushion to the floor. The action seemed to relieve him, as if it had actually removed a weight from his bosom: he drew a long breath, and raised himself up on his elbow. "You're right, Frank; I've been a fool, sure enough—but that comes of foreign customs one never met with before; I suppose poor Kate was scared by my not coming down?" I nodded assent. "Yes—I shall go that way, some day, no doubt. Why, these beds are enough to kill one. It's impossible to sleep in 'em—but it's my suspicion the Germans sit up smoking all night. Any-how, I'll stake my

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A SPARE BED ON THE RHINE.

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head there's not such a thing as a slug-a-bed in the whole country."

As he now showed an inclination to rise, I left him for the breakfast-table, where he soon joined us; and when he was seated, and had buttered his roll, he returned to the subject. "Frank, I've been thinking over the sleeping business, and my mind's made up. Take my word for it, the German beds are at the bottom of the German stories. They're all full of hobgoblin work and devilry, as if a man had written them after bad dreams. Since last night I think I could make up a German romancical story myself, like 'the Devil and Dr. Faustus.' I'm convinced I should have had the horrors, and no need to eat a raw-pork supper neither, like Mr. What's-his-name, the painter;—that's to say, provided I could only have gone to sleep. There's that outlandish cushion on your stomach—to my mind it's a pillion—it's nothing but a pillion for the nightmare to sit upon." "And then," chimed in my Aunt, "the foreign bedsteads are so very short—to stretch yourself is out of the question. Besides, mine was quite a new one, with a disagreeable smell I could never account for till this morning." "As how, Kate?" asked my Uncle. "Why, it's an unpleasant thing to mention," said my Aunt, "but when I awoke, I found myself sticking with both my soles to the foot-board, by the varnish."

So much for our sleeping accommodations at Cologne. Perhaps, Gerard, as you are of a speculative turn, you

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will think my Uncle's theory of diablerie worth working out. To my own fancy, sundry passages of the "Faust,"—read aloud in the original language,—sound suspiciously like a certain noise produced by uneasy lying; indeed, I think it very possible to trace all the horrible phantasmagoria of the Walpurgis Night to the inspiration of a German bed, and its "nightmare's pillion."

The rest of the day was spent in seeing the Lions—and first, the Cathedral, the mere sight of which did me good, both morally and physically. Gerard, 'tis a miracle of art,—a splendid illustration of transcendentalism; never perhaps was there a better attempt, for it is but a fragment, to imitate a temple made without hands. I speak especially of the interior. Your first impression on entering the building is, of its exquisite lightness; to speak after the style of the Apostle Paul, it seems not "of the earth earthy," but of heaven heavenly, as if it could take to itself wings and soar upwards. And surely if angelic porters ever undertake to carry Cathedrals instead of Chapels, (as we have seen a promise below of "messuages carefully delivered,") the Dom Kirche of Cologne will be their first burden to Loretto. The name of its original architect is unknown in the civic archives, but assuredly it is enrolled in letters of gold in some masonic record of Christian faith. If from impression ariseth expression, its glorious builder must have had a true sense of the holy nature of his task. The very materials seem to have lost

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their materialism in his hands, in conformity with the design of a great genius spiritualized by its fervent homage to the Divine Spirit. In looking upward along the tall slender columns which seem to have sprung spontaneously from the earth like so many reeds, and afterwards to have been petrified, for only nature herself seemed capable of combining so much lightness with durability, I almost felt as the architect must have done, that I had cast off the burden of the flesh, and had a tendency to mount skywards. In this particular, it presented a remarkable contrast to the feelings excited by any other Gothic edifice with which I am acquainted. In Westminster Abbey, for instance, whose more solid architecture is chiefly visible by a "dim religious light," I was always overcome with an awe amounting to gloom; whereas at Cologne, the state of my mind rose somewhat above serenity. Lofty, aspiring, cheerful, the light of heaven more abundantly admitted than excluded, and streaming through painted panes, with all the varied colors of the first promise, the distant roof seemed to re-echo with any other strains than those of that awful hymn the "Dies Iræ." In opposition to the Temple of Religious Fear, I should call it the Temple of Pious Hope. And now, Gerard, having described to you my own feelings, I will not give you the mere description of objects to be found in the guide-books. From my hints you will be, perhaps, able to pick out a suggestion that might prove valuable in the erection of our new

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churches. Under the Pagan mythology, a temple had its specific purpose; it was devoted to some particular worship, or dedicated to some peculiar attribute of the Deity: as such, each had its proper character, and long since the votaries and the worship have passed away, travellers have been able to discriminate, even from the ruins, the destination of the original edifice. Do you think, Gerard, that such would be the case, were a future explorer to light on the relics of our Langham Place, or Regent Street temples; would an antiquarian of 2838 be able to decide, think you, whether one of our modern temples was a Christian church, or a parochial school, or a factory? Had men formerly more belief in wrong than they have now in right? Was there more sincerity in ancient fanaticism than in modern faith? But I will not moralize; only as I took a last look at the Cathedral of Cologne, I could not help asking myself, "Will such an edifice ever be completed—shall we ever again build up even such a beginning?" The cardinal Virtues must answer the question. Faith and Charity have been glorious masons in times past—does "Hope's Architecture" hold out equal promise for the future?

The fees demanded by the guardians of the Dom Kirche have been complained of by sundry travellers besides Grundy. For my own part, I should not object to their being higher, provided they were devoted to the repairs of the building, or even towards a more appropriate altar.

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The present one is in such a style of pettiness and prettiness, that it looks like a stall at a religious fancy fair. But then, as a set off, there is a picture—the Adoration of the Virgin and Child—which is a lay miracle! It is very old; but only proves the more, that as Celestial Wisdom may come from the mouths of babes and sucklings, even so was Heavenly Beauty produced by Art in its very infancy.

Our next visit was to the Church of St. Peter, passing, by the way, the house of Rubens, with his well-known effigy painted over the door. The altar-piece, representing the crucifixion of his patron-saint, is a wonderful picture—though it possibly derives a portion of its interest from the extraordinary position of the main figure. The face of the Martyr Saint is particularly fine; and, in order to aid the effect, the exhibitor produces a wooden machine, through which you look at the picture, stooping so that your own head is in nearly the same position as that of the Apostle; —and thereby hangs a tale. My Uncle had scarcely adjusted himself in the required attitude, and taken a glimpse at the painting, when he abruptly rose upright, muttering, in an under-tone, "That's done it at last—all my blood's gone to my head!" and withal walked off, and seated himself on a chair in the aisle, where he remained for some minutes, with his eyes closed, perfectly motionless and silent. As usual in such cases, we allowed the circumstance to pass unnoticed; and by and by, as I anticipated, two or three experimental hems, followed by a sonorous

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blowing of his nose, announced that our Hypochondriac had come, of his own accord, to himself. In fact, he soon stood again beside us, and pulling his hand from his pocket, presented a handsome gratuity to our attendant. "There, Mister; it's no doubt a very fine painting, though to my mind rather an uncomfortable object; as for that wooden invention," at the same time saluting it with a hearty kick, to the utter astonishment of our little Sacristan, "it ought to be indicted; it's nothing more nor less, sir, than a trap for the apoplexy!"

After this characteristic exhibition we parted, my Uncle preferring to return to the hotel, and leaving me to visit and report on the other sights of Cologne. Amongst the rest was the Masquerade Room, devoted to the Carnival balls. It is a fine room as to size, and supported in the middle by columns, intended to represent huge champagne glasses, whence the painted characters and groups which cover the walls and ceiling are supposed to effervesce. The idea, however, is better than the execution—the intent surpasses the deed. The designs display a good deal of dull pantomime and trite allegory, such as a heart put up to auction, and the like. But the Germans, even of Cologne, on the strength of a Roman origin, ought not to attempt a Carnival. The Italian genius and the Teutonic are widely asunder—as different as macaroni and sausage. Polichinello is quite another being to Hans Wurst—he is as puff paste to solid pudding, The national spirit is not suffi-

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ciently volatile, airy, or mercurial. The wit of the Germans is not feather-heeled; their humor is somewhat sedate. The serious fantastic, the grave grotesque, is their forte, rather than the comic. In short, their animal spirits, like their animal frames, are somewhat solid; and I could not help fancying that the frolics of their Saturnalia must resemble the ponderous fun described by Milton:—

> "The unwieldy Elephant,
> To make them mirth used all his might, and wreathed
> His lithe proboscis."

In my way homeward I was struck by a voice that seemed familiar to my ear, and looking in at a shop-door I saw what would be a subject for a picture of domestic interest. On one side of the counter stood my Aunt, looking wonderfully blank and discomposed; on the other, was a grave broad-faced German, with his shoulders up to his ears, his eyebrows up to his crown, and the corners of his mouth down to his chin. On the counter itself, nearest my Aunt, lay a small parcel of her purchases, with a sovereign intended to pay for them, while, next to the opposite party, were arranged three or four Prussian dollars and some smaller coins; the difficulty, whatever it might be, had evidently come to a dead-lock. My Aunt cast her eyes upward, as if the case was beyond mortal arrangement. The shopkeeper gravely shook his head, and had recourse to his snuff-box. A glance towards your humble

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servant made my Aunt look in the same direction, and in an instant I was clutched by the arm and hauled into the shop. "I'm so glad you're come, Frank; I was never so served in my life." And hastily gathering up the Prussian dollars, she banged them singly down again, each after each, on the counter, with a vehemence little in keeping with her character. "There," said she, when the operation was finished, "one can't be deceived in that; there's no more ring in them than in so many leaden dumps." Of course, I guessed the matter at a glance, but having met with somebody who could understand her language, my Aunt was more disposed to talk than to listen. "But, my dear Aunt, it's the case with all the currency." "I know it is. I have rung the small pieces too, and they're no better than brass farthings. Mr. Grundy was quite right, they all cheat the English if they can." "Pooh, pooh, it's the proper currency of the country." "Nonsense, Frank! look here, they're only washed over like bad sixpences, anybody can see that! The man must have taken me for a perfect fool." All this time the German had kept looking alternately in our faces as each happened to be talking, but now he inquired if I could speak his language, and without waiting my answer, began anxiously explaining his own share in the transaction. The change, he said, was correct, he had counted it ten times over with the lady, but still she was dissatisfied; and as for the money, it was the standard coin of the country. All of which I duly in-

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terpreted to my Aunt, who, at last, was prevailed upon to exchange her good sovereign for the bad dollars; and catching up her purchases she departed, compelled but unconvinced. Her secret opinion, indeed, transpired as she stepped from the threshold :—" Well, I must say, Frank, it's the first time I ever heard of a King being a common coiner of bad money, and what's worse, obliging all his own subjects to pass it off!"

By a curious coincidence, on entering the Hotel, we found my Uncle engaged in precisely similar speculations. " Here, Frank," said he, holding out to me a small document, " look at that. Talk of rag-money! I wish old Cobbett was alive again, or that his ghost would come up the River Rhine, just to hear what he'd say on the subject. Why, here's Mercury, and the Royal Arms, and the Spread Eagle, and Hercules, and all sorts of engine-turning, and filagree-work, and crinkum-crankums, and the value in three different languages, French, English, and High Dutch, and after all it's nothing but a three-shilling note!" " It's about as good as their German silver," murmured my Aunt, as if talking to herself. " At least the Prussian money," said I, " has one convenience?" " And what's that?" asked my Aunt, rather tartly; " it's both bad and heavy, as I know by my bag." " I alluded," said I, " to it's almost infinite sub-division: no small consideration to your amateurs of cheap charity. In England, for instance, there are plenty of professedly benevolent persons who

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would, no doubt, contribute their '*mite*,' as it is called, to any charitable object, provided there were any real coin of that denomination." "Cologne swarms with objects sure enough," said my good Aunt, with a very sincere sigh for the multitudinous miseries she was unable to relieve. "You have the comfort," said I, "my dear Aunt, that with twelve pfennings to a groschen, you may give to nine beggars out of the dozen at the cost of an English penny."

Of course this was only banter, but the subject set me thinking of the comparative misery of being poor in a rich country. For example to give a pauper in England a farthing, which in Germany would purchase *something*, is literally to give him nothing at all. I am not aware of any article to be obtained at the price; what used to be, and is called a farthing candle, fetches a halfpenny. Still, I am not quite convinced but that the cheapest country may prove generally the dearest one; the difficulty of spending money alone must not be taken into account, but also the difficulty of obtaining it. Hence, it seems to me that the real dearness or cheapness of a country can only be properly weighed by a native. But I am no political economist, and besides, I think it as well to defer my local conclusions till I have had some experience of the premises. So, lest you should think my letter as long as an Eau de Cologne bottle without its

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spirit, I shall here close. The verses are for Emily, the sketch for yourself, with all loving remembrances from, dear Gerard, yours ever truly,

FRANK SOMERVILLE.

TO * * * * *

WITH A FLASK OF RHINE WATER.

The old Catholic City was still,
In the Minster the vespers were sung,
And, re-echoed in cadences shrill,
The last call of the trumpet had rung;
While, across the broad stream of the Rhine,
The full Moon cast a silvery zone;
And, methought, as I gazed on its shine,
"Surely, that is the Eau de Cologne."

I inquired not the place of its source,
If it ran to the east or the west;
But my heart took a note of its course,
That it flow'd towards Her I love best—
That it flow'd towards Her I love best,
Like those wandering thoughts of my own,
And the fancy such sweetness possess'd,
That the Rhine seemed all Eau de Cologne!

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TO MISS WILMOT.

My dear Margaret,—Since my last, we have passed from Holland into Prussia, but, alas! a change of country has only brought a change of troubles. As I foretold, there was a plot against the Dutch linen, which, by my Brother's and Nephew's contrivance, was seized at the German frontier. I suspect they thought it would be an incumbrance; but, if so, it would have fallen only on my unfortunate self. It's so different to poor George, who never cared, in travelling, how he was loaded. Heaven knows the packages, and boxes, and bundles, we have taken only on a thirty miles' journey, without a murmur on his part, or an objection. Indeed my course from Rotterdam to Cologne has been marked by a series of misfortunes; and, in particular, a most mortifying adventure on board the steam-boat, which I do not like to trust on paper,—but you shall hear it when we meet.

Only this very morning, I met with something that hurt me very much, not merely on my own account, but for the sake of human nature. It always shocks one to meet with ingratitude, selfishness, and hard-heartedness in anybody, but especially in one of our own sex, and above all, a lady of birth and breeding, who ought to possess more refined and delicate feelings. I allude to Lady de Farringdon, who came over with us in the

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Lord Melville, and was nearly washed away whilst sitting in her own carriage on the deck. Providentially she was released from her perilous situation, and carried down to the ladies' cabin, but in a most deplorable state. She was drenched from head to foot, and so terrified and sick, it made me forget my own distresses to see her, and particularly when one reflected on the delicate nature of her bringing up, and all the elegant comforts and luxuries, and the devoted attention she had been accustomed to from her infancy. Her own maid and the stewardess being quite incapable, from fright and sickness, I felt it my duty to try to alleviate the poor sufferer's afflictions, and can only say she could not have received more assistance from me had she been my own sister. To do her ladyship justice she expressed herself in the most handsome and grateful terms—indeed, in such warm and affectionate language, and her manner was so winning and friendly, even to kissing me, that I felt as if we had known and loved each other for years instead of only a day's acquaintance. In short, I quite grieved at parting with her, on the quay at Rotterdam, perhaps never to meet again in this world. You may fancy my delight, then, at recognizing the carriage and liveries at a milliner's door in Cologne; and seeing her ladyship in the shop, I went in, and endeavored to recall myself to her remembrance. But, instead of the warm reception I expected, after taking what I must call a rude

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stare at me through her glass, all she said was, "O, I suppose you are one of the persons who came over in the Lord Melville?" I told her I was, and hoped she had recovered from the effects of that awful storm. "O, of course," she said, very coolly; "we soon get over those things on shore;" and then, turning away from me to the shopwoman, went on bargaining for a piece of lace. I was so shocked and hurt, I hardly know how I got out of the shop, or if I even wished her ladyship a good morning. But it was really too much; —to think that the same woman who had clung to me, and rested her head on my shoulder; who had received my best assistance, even in undressing, for she was as helpless as a child; who had begged me to hold her hands, to feel for her, and even to pray with her —could treat me in so cruel a manner. I confess I could not help shedding tears, and almost made a vow never to attach myself to any one again. Indeed, my brother warned me from the beginning, and told me, in his style, that I was "hooking on to the wrong train." But oh, Margaret! what is this world worth, if we cannot trust to our first impressions? But I must not repine; for, at all events, I was not deceived in poor George. As for Frank, he only laughs, and reminds me of the saying of Mr. Grundy, which I took at the time for ill-nature, "When you are abroad," said he, "you will meet with great folks, or would-be great folks, on their

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travels, who will suck all the information they can out of you, make use of you in every possible way, and then cut you dead in the street the next morning."

To-day I dined, for the first time, after the foreign fashion, at a table-d'hôte; it was entirely by Frank's persuasion, as I am not fond of eating in public, and to any one in spirits it would, no doubt, have been an amusing scene. The master of the Hotel took the head of the table, which accommodated about fifty persons. As I had stipulated beforehand, my brother sat on one side of me and my nephew on the other. Directly opposite was a Prussian officer in a blue and red uniform, and nearly a dozen little crosses and medals hanging from the breast of his coat. Next to him was a fellow-traveller from London; Frank calls him a Cockney, who dreadfully alarmed us at Nimeguen by letting off pistols in the night; on the other side of the officer was an empty chair, with its back turned to the table to show that the place was bespoke. The rest of the company was made up of foreign ladies and gentlemen, and at the bottom of the table a person so very outlandish that I must try to describe him. Personally he was a large man, but from the breadth of his face and the size of his head, which looked all the bigger from a great quantity of hair that fell over his shoulders, he ought to have been a giant. His features were rather coarse and vulgar,—they could never have been handsome, and yet could never look ugly, with such an expression of good-

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humor. But to my fancy it was the good-humor of one who had never had anything to try it. He seemed always ready to smile at something or nothing,—but not as if from having cheerful thoughts, but from having no thoughts whatever to trouble him, good, bad, or indifferent. The only idea he seemed to entertain was of his dinner, in expectation of which he had hold of his fork rather awkwardly, with his third and fourth fingers over the handle, and the others under it, so that the prongs came out beyond his little finger. As for his dress, it set at defiance all rules as to colors that go well together. His coat was chocolate brown, with a pompadour velvet collar, —his waistcoat so gay with all the hues of the rainbow, that it resembled a bed of tulips—and then plum-colored pantaloons. Across his bosom he wore several gold or gilt chains, to one of which hung a very large watch-key in the shape of a pistol; and his shirt was fastened with mosaic studs, besides a complicated sort of brooch, that looked like two hearts united together by little chains. Besides these ornaments, his hands were covered with rings, his right forefinger always sticking straight out like that on a hand-post, as the joint could not bend for an immense ring, with an amethyst as big as a shilling. Frank whispered that he was travelling for Rundell and Bridge, but I suspect that was only a quiz.

In the mean time a dinner-bell kept ringing by way of invitation to all the town, but as no more guests appeared,

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the ceremony began. First came the soup, very like barley broth, supposing rice instead of barley, and then the beef which had been boiled in it, of course very insipid. It reminded me of the patent Pimlico bread I once tasted, when, as poor George said, they had extracted all the spirit and left nothing behind but the corpse of a loaf. I was obliged to leave it on my plate, where, as it got cold, it turned almost as white as a piece of wood. But you would have admired the dexterity of the waiters. One of them brought a large pile of clean plates, holding one between each finger, and dealt them out to us as if they had been cards. The worst is, the plates and dishes are all stone cold, and as, instead of a bill of fare, every course is put on the table to show you what you are to expect, and is then taken off again to be carved, the hottest of their hot dinners is only like a hasty attempt in warm weather at a cold collation. But what most surprised me was the order of the eatables, so different to any established by Mrs. Glasse or Mrs. Rundell. After the soup, &c., came in a monstrous dish of asparagus, with a sauce made of oiled butter and hard-boiled eggs. Next appeared a capon and salad, then a very sweet pudding, and then some very sour krout. The next dish that went its rounds, like a novel in a circulating library, was of very small, very waxy kidney potatoes (Frank called them "Murphy's thumbs"), and then followed some unknown vegetable, with a very unpleasant smell, in a brown sauce, looking, according to

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Frank, like "sailors' fingers stewed in tar." Next we had salmon and perch, in jelly, and cold, and last, and certainly not least, a great solid piece of roast veal. My brother, who partook of everything, was amused at this putting the cart before the horse. "Egad! Kate," he whispered, "I have eaten the wrong end of my dinner first, and suppose, to digest it properly, I must stand on my head." Indeed, I came in for my own share of novelties, for what seemed a pickled walnut was so sweet, that the mere surprise made me return it rather hastily to my plate. I was provoked enough, and especially as the Londoner thought proper to notice it. "Just like them Germans, ma'am," said he, "they arn't even up to pickled walnuts!" But what followed was worse, for after helping himself to what looked like preserved plums, but proved to be sour, he spluttered one out again without any ceremony, calling out loud enough for the whole room to hear him, "Pickled bullises, by jingo!" As you may suppose, I made up my mind to dine no more at a table-d'hôte, and especially as I did not know in what tavern doings it might end, for, on asking Frank the meaning of something painted up in large letters on the wall at one end of the room, he told me it was that gentlemen were requested not to smoke during dinner! In fact, when dinner was nearly over, who should walk in, and seat himself in the vacant chair just opposite me, but *a common soldier!* Of course such an occurrence is usual, for no one objected to his company; on the contrary, the

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officer conversed, and even hobnobbed with the new-comer. But as trifles serve to show low breeding, I was not surprised to observe the private helping himself first to the wine: it was only after partly filling his own glass that he recollected himself and helped his superior. Every moment I grew more uncomfortable, for this young fellow showed a great inclination to address me, and the Londoner got still more vulgar and fault-finding; in short, I had just resolved to rise and make my retreat, when all at once,—pity me, my dear Margaret,—the door flew wide open, and there stood Lady de Farringdon, with her horrid glass up to her eye! I could have dropped off my chair! Instead of coming in, however, her Ladyship contented herself with a haughty stare round the table, and then departed, with a last glance at myself, and a scornful sneer on her face, that seemed plainly to say—"Yes, there you are, at an Inn-keeper's ordinary, with all kinds of low company, and a common soldier for your *vis-à-vis*." Without waiting for the dessert I——

* * * * * *

My dear Margaret,—The above was written last night. The occasion of my breaking off so suddenly was rather an odd one, and has raised a pretty laugh at my expense. Imagine me writing up in my own bed-room, by the light of a single wax candle, but which was not above half burned down, when all at once out it went, and left me in utter darkness. I instantly rang the bell, but the hour

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was so late, or the Germans were so early, or both, that I found I could make nobody hear without disturbing the whole hotel; so I undressed, and groped into bed. This morning has explained the mystery. The wax-ends, it appears, are somebody's perquisites, and in order to make sure of handsome ones, the candles are fabricated on purpose with only a certain length of wick. Frank says he was forewarned of this German trick upon travellers by Mr. Grundy.

Besides the secret of the wax-candles, I have learned some particulars that make me a little ashamed of my precipitation at the ordinary dinner. The German hotel-keepers, I understand, are respectable persons, who always take the head of the table; and as for the common soldier, he was a young Prussian Baron, who, as every native must be a soldier, had volunteered into the line. The helping himself first, to a little wine, and then the officer, was only a customary politeness, in case there should be any dust or cork in the neck of the bottle. It will be a warning to me for the future not to be so rash in my judgment of foreigners and foreign customs.

I have said nothing of Cologne Cathedral, and the Sepulchre of the Three Kings; but to *me* tombs only bring painful reflections; and instead of the Cathedral, I would rather have seen a certain village spire, rising above the trees, like a poplar turned into a steeple. But a broken spirit always yearns towards home. As to health, we are

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in our usual way; except Martha, who has low crying fits that I cannot, and she will not, account for. Adieu. My Brother and Nephew unite in love to you, with, dear Margaret, your affectionate Sister,

CATHARINE WILMOT.

P.S.—There is a great stir here about a religious agreement that some hundreds of young Catholic females have signed, binding themselves not to marry unless to one of their own persuasion. A very tragical affair has happened in consequence, which Frank has made into a poem. I inclose a copy. To my taste it is rather pretty; but my Brother says it is not good poetry, for it does not sing well to any tune that he knows.

THE ROMANCE OF COLOGNE.

'Tis even—on the pleasant banks of Rhine
The thrush is singing, and the dove is cooing,
A Youth and Maiden on the turf recline
Alone—And he is wooing.

Yet woos in vain, for to the voice of love
No kindly sympathy the Maid discovers,
Though round them both, and in the air above,
The tender Spirit hovers!

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Untouch'd by lovely Nature and her laws,
The more he pleads, more coyly she represses;—
Her lips denies, and now her hand withdraws,
Rejecting his caresses.

Fair is she as the dreams young poets weave,
Bright eyes, and dainty lips, and tresses curly;
In outward loveliness a child of Eve,
But cold as Nymph of Lurley!

The more Love tries her pity to engross,
The more she chills him with a strange behavior;
Now tells her beads, now gazes on the Cross
And Image of the Saviour.

Forth goes the Lover with a farewell moan,
As from the presence of a thing inhuman;—
Oh! what unholy spell hath turn'd to stone
The young warm heart of Woman!

* * * * * * * *

'Tis midnight—and the moonbeam, cold and wan,
On bower and river quietly is sleeping,
And o'er the corse of a self-murdered man
The Maiden fair is weeping.

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In vain she looks into his glassy eyes,
No pressure answers to her hand so pressing;
In her fond arms impassively he lies,
Clay-cold to her caressing.

Despairing, stunn'd, by her eternal loss,
She flies to succor that may best beseem her;
But, lo! a frowning Figure veils the Cross,
And hides the blest Redeemer!

With stern right hand it stretches forth a scroll,
Wherein she reads in melancholy letters,
The cruel fatal pact that placed her soul
And her young heart in fetters.

"Wretch! Sinner! Renegade! to truth and God,
Thy holy faith for human love to barter!"
No more she hears, but on the bloody sod
Sinks, Bigotry's last Martyr!

And side by side the hapless Lovers lie:
Tell me, harsh Priest! by yonder tragic token,
What part hath God in such a Bond, whereby
Or hearts or vows are broken?

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TO GERARD BROOKE, ESQ.

My dear Gerard,—Yesterday, at an early hour, we bade adieu to the old Roman colony, and embarked in the Princess Marianne. Instead of any improvement, however, in the scenery, we soon found ourselves between low banks and willows; as if, by some "stop her" and "back her" manœuvre, her Highness, with reversed paddles, had carried us into Holland. But I am none of those fastidious travellers, who, in the absence of the picturesque, throw themselves back in the carriage, and go to sleep. Although for some distance there was nothing alongside but a flat plain, yet lark after lark, "weary of rest," kept springing up from the dewy grass, and soared aloft on twinkling wings, that seemed, like its song, all in a quiver with delight. The air was breezy, and bright, and balmy, and floated visibly against the horizon: the sky was beautifully blue, and the feathery white clouds fluttered across it like summer butterflies. The grass waved, the flowers nodded, the leaves danced,—the very water sparkled, as if it felt a living joy. Even our Hypochondriac owned the genial influence of the time, and his sister resumed some of the spirits for which she was noted in her girlhood. The truth is, there was a charm in these humble ruralities, of which even the Cockney, of Nimeguen renown, was aware. "Tame scenery, sir," remarked a saturnine-looking man, at

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the same time turning his back on the bank we were gliding past. "Yes," answered the Londoner, with a cheerful smile; "Yes—but it's natur."

Amongst other peculiarities, nothing strikes a stranger more, in his course up the Rhine, than the German fondness for bowing. Whenever the steamer passes, or stops at, a little town, you see a great part of the population collected on the shore, ready to perform this courtesy. One or two, like fuglemen, go through the manœuvre by anticipation, as if saluting the figure-head; then the vessel ranges alongside, and off goes the covering of every head —hats and caps, of all shapes and colors, are flourishing in the air. Wet, or dry, or scorching sun, every male, from six years old to sixty, is uncovered. Some seize their caps by the top, others by the spout in front; this gives his hat a wave to and fro, that saws with it up and down; the very baker plucks off his white night-cap, and holds it shaking at arm's length. Meanwhile, their countrymen on board vigorously return the salute; the town is passed, and the ceremony is over. But, no!—a man comes running at full speed down a gateway, or round the corner of a street, looks eagerly for the boat, now 100 yards distant, gives a wave with his hat or cap, and then, thrusting his hands into his pockets, returns deliberately up the street, or gateway, as if he had acquitted himself of an indispensable moral duty.

Remarking on this subject to an English gentleman on

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board, he told me the following anecdote in point:—"During a temporary residence," said he, "at Mayence, I made a slight acquaintance with one of the inhabitants, of the name of Klopp. He had much of the honesty and conscientiousness attributed to his countrymen, and though in practice a plain, straightforward, matter-of-fact person, was nevertheless addicted, like Germans in general, to abstruse studies. Subsequently, for the sake of the baths, I shifted my quarters to Ems, and was one morning sitting at breakfast, when a rapping at the door announced a visitor, and in walked Herr Klopp. After the usual compliments, I inquired, whether he had come to Ems for pleasure merely, or on account of his health? 'For neither,' replied the honest German; 'my errand is to you, and I shall return home directly I have paid off a little debt.' I was not aware, I told him, that we had had any pecuniary transactions whatever. 'No,' replied Herr Klopp, 'not in money; but if you remember, on such a day (giving me the day and date) we passed each other on the Mayence Bridge. I had recently been reading Fichte, and my head was full of speculations; so that, though conscious of your bowing to me, I omitted to return your salute. It is true that I recollected myself in the cattle-market, and indeed pulled off my hat, but that hardly satisfied my conscience. So the end is, I have come to acquit myself of the debt; and here it is'——And, will you believe it, sir? with all the gravity of a Prussian sentry presenting

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arms, the scrupulous German paid me up the salute in arrear!"

To reward our patience, the blue crests of the Siebengebirge at length loomed over the low land, to the left, and assured us that our Pilgrim's Progress had brought us in sight of the Delectable Mountains. We had been advised to stop at Bonn, for the sake of some excursions in the neighborhood, and that ancient and learned city soon made its appearance. Its aspect was quaint and inviting. As we neared the shore it was crowded with spectators, amongst whom those *Bonny* Laddies, the students, were gaily conspicuous. A great many were dressed as Tyrolese, with ribbons and flowers in their high-crowned hats; and whatever a Quaker might have thought of such vanities, a painter would assuredly have been grateful for such very picturesque accessaries to the foreground. You may form some notion of their appearance from the remark of my Uncle—"Frank, they must have made a long night at the masquerade, to be in their fancy dresses so late in the morning." When I told him they were the students, he made one of his wry faces. "Students! What do they study?—Private theatricals! Yes—there's a youngster dressed up like Macready in William Tell; and yonder's another with a parasol straw hat, a nankeen jacket, and a long pipe in his mouth, like the Planter in Paul and Virginia!"

The moment the "Princess" came abreast of the pier,

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a party of the Burschen sprang on board, of course with an equal number of pipes, and formed a group on the deck. Most of them were in costume "marvellously imaginative;" some seemed to have sought their Journal des Modes, or Mirror of Fashion, in the pictures of Vandyke or Salvator Rosa; others appeared to have been clothed, in a fit of enthusiasm, by a romantic tailor. Indeed one of them presented so very *outré* a figure, that I was not at all surprised to hear the Cockney's exclamation of "What a Guy!" No small portion of care and culture had been bestowed upon their hair, moustaches, and beards, which strongly reminded me of the Dutch hedges, that are trained and trimmed into all sorts of grotesque and fanciful shapes. But in the midst of these speculations the bell warned us to provide for our own departure; and winding in Indian file through the motley crowd, we made the best of our way to the hotel.

After establishing ourselves in comfortable quarters we strolled about the town, first taking a long gaze from the Altezoll, across the broad Rhine, at the grand group of Seven Mountains. We then scanned the façade of the University, took a peep in at a church or two, and discussed a flask of Ahrbleichart in the Vinea Domini. During this ramble we saw, of course, a number of the students, and it was amusing to hear Nuncle guessing at the historical personages they had selected for their models;—for instance, Peter the Wild Boy—Van Butchell—Don Quixote—

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Samson—Absalom—Esau—Blackbeard the Pirate—Confucius—Henri Quatre—and Bampfylde Moore Carew. One very dissimilar pair he christened Valentine and Orson; another "Junker," remarkably unkempt and unshorn, he compared to Baron Trenck; and "Egad!" he cried, as we passed a square-set figure in an antique dress, and fiercely moustached, "Egad! there's Pam." Perhaps the most whimsical of these fancies was that of a tall fellow, who, with sleekly-combed hair, a huge white collar thrown back over his shoulders, and trowsers that buttoned to his jacket, stalked along like a Brobdignagian schoolboy; I was anxious to know my Uncle's opinion of these oddities, and contrived to extract it. "All theatrical mummery, Frank; all theatrical mummery! But mayhap," said he, after a pause, "it's like a breaking out on the skin, and serves to carry off fantastical humors that are better out than in."

I am inclined to think this is nearly the truth of the case; for it is notorious that these Burschen come in, according to the proverb, as Lions, and go out as Lambs—some of the wildest of them settling down in life as very civil civilians, sedate burgomasters, and the like. Indeed, were it otherwise—were there as much real as mock enthusiasm under these formidable exteriors, should we not hear more often than we do of University riots and outbreaks—of Middle-Age forays—with an occasional attempt to set fire to the Rhine? The worst is, as a

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great portion of these students affect the uncouth and savage, mere Tybalts and Fire-eaters, if they at all act up to their characters, they must be public nuisances; and if they do not, they hardly allow themselves fair play. Many of them, doubtless, are good-hearted lads and industrious scholars, and as such, sure it would better become them to appear like what they are, ambitious of a place in the political, literary, artistic, or scientific annals of their country, rather than as candidates for a niche in its Eccentric Mirror or Wonderful Magazine.

These vagaries in dress form, by the by, a curious anomaly in Prussia; where, in conformity with the military penchant of the King, all public bodies, excepting the learned ones, are put into uniform. Thus, there are the Post officials with their orange collars, the Police with their pink ones, the Douane with their blue ones, the Bridge-men with their red ones:—postilions, prisoners, road-makers, all have their liveries and their badges. But there is no *regulation* academical costume, and the students, by indulging in such eccentric *habits*, are possibly only making the most of their unique independence.

At one o'clock, we dined at the table-d'hôte, and then rode off in a carriage to the Kreutzberg. At the top of the hill we found a party of French travellers, three gentlemen and a lady, enjoying the fine prospect. Had they been country-folk, it is probable that we should never have ex-

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changed a word—for, as Marshal * * * said, "the advanced guard of an Englishman is his reserve,"—but with foreigners it is otherwise; the strangers saluted us most courteously, and one of them addressing my Uncle, we all fell into talk. After commenting on the beauty of the view, we went *en masse* into the church, which formerly belonged to a Servite Convent. This edifice is considered as peculiarly sanctified, by possessing the steps which led up to the judgment-seat of Pontius Pilate, and which are said to be still stained by the blood-drops drawn from the brow of our Saviour by the crown of thorns. These sacred stairs, as you are perhaps aware, have the faculty, like Sir Boyle Roche's famous bird, of "being in two places at once." I ventured to hint this to the lively French-woman, but instead of expressing doubt or vexation, she only answered with a "Vraiment?" I then described the Scala Santa at Rome, but with as little effect. "Vraiment?" she replied. "Quel miracle! mais tout est possible au bon Dieu!"

Just at this moment we were startled by a loud exclamation in German from the attendant, followed by a slight scream, and, to my astonishment, I saw my Aunt precipitately scampering down the marble stairs! It seems she had unconsciously stepped on the *tabooed* precincts, which was no sooner perceived by the guardian of the place, than, with a loud outcry that the stairs were sacred, he made a snatch to draw her back by the arm. The abrupt voice,

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the unknown tongue, the threatening gesture, and the angry expression of a countenance by no means prepossessing, took full effect on her weak nerves, and impelled her to escape as from a madman. And now arose a serious difficulty. The trespasser had stopped exactly half-way down the flight, to set foot on which is sacrilege, but as she could not be expected, nor indeed allowed, to stand there forever, the point was how to get her off. By going up them on her knees, like a Catholic pilgrim, she would have gained a plenary indulgence for a year; but this, as a staunch Protestant, she declined, and as a modest female she refused to clamber over the double balustrade that separated her from a common staircase on either side. Which would then occasion the least sacrilege, to ascend by the way she came, or to descend and be let out at the great folding-doors, the number of stairs to be profaned in either case being the same? It was a question to pose the whole college of St. Omer! The attendant was at his wits' ends how to act, and referred the point to the French party, as Catholics and competent advisers, but for want of a precedent they were as much abroad as himself. The first gentleman he appealed to shrugged his shoulders, the lady did the same; the second gentleman shrugged his shoulders and made a grimace, and the third shrugged his shoulders, made a grimace, and shook his head. In the meantime, the trespasser looked alarmed and distressed; she had gained some obscure notion of the case, and possibly

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thought, in her vague idea of the powers of popery, that she had subjected herself to the pains and penalties of the Inquisition. It was an awkward dilemma, particularly as the attendant protested most vehemently whenever the culprit attempted to stir. Luckily, however, he turned his back during his consultation, when, at a beckon and a wink from my Uncle, my Aunt, not without trembling, quietly slipped up the sacred stairs on the points of her toes!

This termination of so intricate a dilemma was a relief to us all, and to none more than Martha, who now ventured to draw out the handkerchief she had stuffed into her mouth, by way of stopper to a scream. But the affair had so cowed the unlucky transgressor, that when we visited the vault under the church, to inspect the Mummies, she preferred to "sit out." And it was well she escaped a sight which could not have failed to remind her of "poor George." Imagine about two dozen of dead monks laid out, in their habits as they lived, in open coffins, all in various stages of decay, some almost as fresh and fleshy as might be expected of an anchorite, after a long course of fasting and mortification; others partly dropping, and dropped into dust; and here and there a mere skull, grinning like one of Monk Lewis's spectres, from under its cowl. The cause of their extraordinary preservation has given rise to much conjecture. My own opinion is, that by way of pendants to the holy stairs, and heaping "voonders upon voonders," the bodies have been *Kyanized* by some secret

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process which was afterwards partially lost, as the more recent corses scarcely promise to keep so well as the more ancient ones. It was impossible to stand amongst so many venerable relics of humanity, some of them from three to four centuries old, without entering into very Hamlet-like reflections. What had become, during that long interval, of the disembodied spirits? Had they slept in utter darkness and blank oblivion; or had they a twilight existence, in dreams reflective of the past? Did they still, perhaps, hover round their earthly haunts and fleshy tenements; or were they totally entranced, only to wake at the sound of the last trumpet? But these are themes too awful for a gossipping letter. Suffice it, we all felt the influence of the place and scene. In the neighborhood of such objects, a strange mysterious feeling lays us under a spell. By a sort of process of transfusion, the vital principle that departed from the concrete form, seems to have passed into an abstract figure:—Life is dead, but DEATH is alive! and we breathe, and look, and tread, and whisper, as if we were in his actual though invisible presence. Few words, therefore, were uttered as we stood in that dreary avenue. —I remember but one exclamation from the French woman, as she gazed on one of the most perfect and placid of the faces—a wish, that the figure and features of those we hold most dear, could always be thus preserved to us. It sounded like a natural sentiment, at the time,—but it was little shared in by one of the spectators, who, as we

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quitted the vault, drew me aside, with an air of great solemnity. "Frank,—make me one promise. If I die in these parts, don't let me be embalmed. It's all nonsense and profanity. We're ordained to decay by nature, and religion bids us try not to preserve our bodies, but to save our souls. Besides, as to keeping one's face and person for one's friends to look at, it's my notion they would soon give over coming to see us, unless we could return the visits. No, no! as Abraham said, 'let us bury our dead out of our sight.'" "At least," said I, "the Mummies are a natural curiosity." "Why, yes," he replied, with a smile, as we stepped into the bright, brisk, open air, "and a political one, too, Frank, to see so many of our representatives beyond corruption."

At the church-door we parted with the pleasant French people, who were going further inland;—and then returned to our carriage. In our way home we halted at Poppelsdorf, to see the Botanical Garden, and the Museum, which contains abundant specimens of the mineralogy and geology of the Rhenish mountains, the Eifel, and the brown coal of Friesdorf. Amongst the fossils is a complete series of frogs, from the full-grown froggy that might a wooing go, down to that minute frogling—a tadpole. My uncle's remark on them was an original one, and deserves the consideration of our chemists. "Frank, if we could but find out a way of petrifying our great men, what a deal of money would be saved, in chipping statues!"

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But now, Gerard, good night. Fatigued and drowsy from our breezy rambles, a resolution has been moved and seconded, for retiring early, that I am too heavy-headed to oppose. "God bless the man who invented sleep!" cries honest Sancho Panza, and Heaven be praised that he did not take out a patent, and keep the discovery to himself. My best love to Emily.

I am, my dear Gerard, yours very truly,

FRANK SOMERVILLE.

P.S.—Past one o'clock, and here I am, not couchant but rampant! Yet have I been between sheets, and all but into the soft arms of Mr. Morpheus,—but oh! Gerard, a night at Bonn is anything but a bonne nuit!

Never did I throw myself with such sweet abandoment into that blessed luxury, a bed. Sleep, the dear Eider-duck, was beginning to brood me with her downy breast and shadowy wings,—I was already swooning away into the delicious semi-oblivion that precedes the total forgetfulness, when crash! I was startled broad awake by the compound rattle of a vehicle that seemed to have twelve wheels, with four-and-twenty loose spokes in each, and a cast-iron horse! Students, of course, from their revels at Godesberg! Another and another followed—then a street squabble—and then "Am Rhein! Am Rhein!" arranged for any number of voices. Doze again—but no—another scrambling shandrydan,—and then a duo

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—no, a trio,—no, a quart—no, a quint—no, a sext—zounds! a dozen were chiming in at the topmost pitch of their lungs! Partial as I am to music, I could not relish these outbreaks, nor did it comfort me a whit, that all who met, or overtook these wassailers joined most skilfully and scientifically in the tune!

> I like your German singers well,
> But hate them too, and for this reason,
> Although they always sing in time,
> They often sing quite out of season.

In short, finding that it was impossible to sleep, I got up —rang for candles—cigars—and brandy and water, and then amused myself with the tale of *diablerie* I inclose. Meanwhile the students subsided—the streets are quiet—and once more, good night.

THE FATAL WORD.

A ROMANCE OF BONN.

THANKS to the merry company, and the good Ahrbleichart wine, at his Cousin Rudolph's, it was midnight ere Peter Krauss, the little tailor of Bonn, set out on his road home. Now Peter was a pious and a tender-hearted man, who would not hurt a dog, much less a fellow-creature; but he had one master-failing, which at last

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brought him into a horrible scrape, and that was curiosity. Such was his itch for meddling and prying, that whatever business went forward, he was sure to look and listen with all his might. Let a word or two be pronounced in a corner, and you could fancy his ears pricking towards the sound, like the ears of a horse. Perhaps, if he had ever perused the tragical story of Blue Beard, he would have learned more prudence; but, unhappily, he never read Fairy Tales, nor indeed anything of the kind, except some of the old Legends of the Saints.

Thus Peter Krauss, pipe in mouth, was trudging silently homeward, through the pleasant valley between Roettchen and Poppelsdorf, when all at once he heard something that brought him to a full stop. Yes,—there certainly was a talking on the other side of the bushes; so giving loose to his propensity, he drew near, and listened the more eagerly as he recognized one of the voices as that of Ferdinand Wenzel, the wildest and wickedest of all the students at Bonn. The other voice he did not know, nor indeed had he ever heard one at all like it; its tone was deep and metallic like the tolling of a great bell.

"Ask, and it shall be granted, if within my compass."

Peter, trembling, peeped through the thick foliage at the last speaker, and to his unutterable horror, descried a dreadful figure, which could only belong to one fearful personage—the Enemy of Mankind. Krauss could nearly

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see his full face, which was ten thousand times uglier than that of Judas in the old paintings. The Fiend was grinning, and dismally the moonlight gleamed on his huge hard cheek-bones, and thence downward to his mouth, where it gleamed awfully on his set teeth, which shone not with the bright bony whiteness of ivory, but with the flash of polished steel. Opposite to the Evil One, and as much at his ease as if he had only been in company with a bosom crony, sat the reckless, daring, Ferdinand Wenzel, considering intently what infernal boon he had best demand. At last he seemed to have made up his mind; —Krauss pricked up his ears.

"Give me," said the Wild Student, "the power of life and death over others."

"I can grant thee only the half," said the Fiend. "I have power to shorten human life, but there is only one who may prolong it."

"Be it so," said the Student; "only let those whom I may doom die suddenly before my face."

"All the blessed saints and martyrs forbid!" prayed Krauss in his soul, at the same time crossing himself as fast as he could. "In that case, I'm a dead man to a certainty! He will make away with all that is Philister—namely, with all that is good, or religious, or sober, or peaceable, or decent, in the whole city of Bonn!"

In the meantime, the Evil One seemed to deliberate, and at length told the Wild Student that he should have his

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wish. "Listen, Ferdinand Wenzel! I will teach thee a mortal word, which if thou pronounce aloud to any human being, man, woman, or child, they shall drop down, stone-dead, as by a stroke of apoplexy, at thy very feet."

"Enough," said the Wild Student. "Bravo!" and he waved his arms exultingly above his head. "I am now one of the Fates. I hold the lives of my enemies in my hand. I am no more Ferdinand Wenzel, but Azrael, the Angel of Death. Come, the word—the mighty word!"

We have said that the topmost failing of Peter Krauss was curiosity,—it was rather his besetting sin, and was now about to meet with its due punishment. Where other men would have shut their eyes, he opened them; where they would have stopped their ears, he put up a trumpet. O Peter, Peter! better hadst thou been born deaf as the adder, than have heard the three dreadful syllables that made up that tremendous WORD. But Peter was wilful, and stretched out his neck like a crane's towards the sound, and as the Fiend, at Wenzel's request, repeated the fatal spell nine times over, it was impressed on the listener's memory, never to be forgotten.

"I have got it by heart," said the Wild Student, "and I know right well who shall hear it the first."

"Bravo!" said the voice that sounded like the toll of a death-bell.

The hair, long as it was, rose erect on Krauss's devoted head; every lock felt alive, and crawling and writhing like

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a serpent. He considered himself the doomed man. Wenzel owed him money, and debtors are apt to get weary of their creditors. Yes; his days were numbered, like those of the pig at the butcher's door. Full of these terrible thoughts, he got away as hastily as he could, without making an alarm, and as soon as he dared, set off at a run towards his home. On he scampered, wishing that his very arms were legs, to help him go at a double rate. On, on, on, he gallopped through Poppelsdorf, but without seeing it, like a blind horse that knows its way by instinct, —on, on; but at last he was compelled to halt, not for want of breath, for his lungs seemed locked up in his bosom; nor yet from fatigue, for his feet never felt the hard ground they bounded from; but because a party of students, linked arm in arm, occupied the whole breadth of the road. As soon as they heard footsteps behind them they stopped, and recognizing the little tailor, began to jeer and banter him, and at length proceeded to push and hustle him about rather roughly. For some time he bore this rude treatment with patience, but in the end, even his good-humor gave way, and turned to bitterness. "Ay, young and strong as ye be," thought he, "I know that, my masters, which could stiffen your limbs and still your saucy tongues in a moment." "And why not pronounce the WORD then?" said something so like a whisper, that Krauss started, expecting to see the Fiend himself at his elbow. But it was only the evil suggestion of his own

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mind, which, with some difficulty, he subdued, till the Burschen, tired of the present amusement, let go of their victim, and joining in a jovial chorus, allowed the tormented tailor to resume his race. "St. Remi be with me," murmured the frightened man, "and help me to restrain my tongue! Oh that awful word, how nearly it slipped from me in my rage! I shall do a murder, I know I shall —I shall be cursed and branded like bloody Cain!" and he groaned and smote his forehead as he ran. In this mood he arrived at his own door, where he let himself in with his private key. It was late; his good wife Trudchen had retired to rest, and was in so sound a sleep that he forbore to awaken her. But that very sight, as she lay so still and so calm, only excited the most distressing fancies. "One word," thought he, "three little syllables, would make that sleep eternal!" Shuddering throughout his frame, he undrest and crept into his own bed, which was beside the other—but, alas! not to rest. He dared not close his eyes, even for a wink. "If I sleep," thought he, "I shall dream, and as people always dream of what is uppermost in their minds, and moreover, as I am apt to talk in my sleep"—the mere idea of what might follow threw him into such an agony, that no opiate short of a fatal dose could have induced him to slumber for an instant. A miserable night he passed, now looking forward with terror, and then backward with self-reproach. A thousand times he cursed his fatal curiosity, that had brought him to such

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a pass. "Fool, dolt, idiot, ass, long-eared ass that I was, to listen to what did not concern me, and to turn eavesdropper to the Devil! I am lost, body and soul! Oh that I had been born deaf and dumb!—Oh that my dear mother, now in heaven,—Oh that my good nurse, now in Munich, had never taught me to speak! Oh that I had died in cutting my first teeth! That detestable word—if I could only get rid of it, but it is ever present, in my mind and in my mind's eye! in the dark it seemed written on the wall in letters of fire; and now the daylight comes, they have turned into letters of pitch black!" Thus he tossed and tumbled all night in his bed, with suppressed moans, and groans, and sighings, and inward prayers, till it was time to rise. Then he got up, and opened his shop, and afterwards sat down to breakfast; but he could not eat. If he tried to swallow, the accursed word seemed sticking at the bottom of his throat—sometimes it rose to the very tip of his tongue, and then to taste anything was quite out of the question. Life itself had lost its relish, like food with a diseased palate. Conjugal and parental love, which had been his greatest comforts, were now his uttermost torments. When he looked at his good Trudchen, it was with a shudder; and he dared not play with his own little Peterkin. "If I open my lips to him," thought the father, "my child is dead—in the midst of some nursery nonsense, the WORD will slip out, for it keeps ringing in my ears like a bell." In the mean time, his

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wife did not fail to notice his altered appearance, but it gave her little concern. The good Trudchen was very fat and very philosophic, which some people call phlegmatic, and she took the most violent troubles rather softly and quietly, as feather-beds receive cannon-balls. "Tush," said she, in her own full bosom, "he looks as if he had not rested well, but he will sleep all the better to-night; and as for his appetite, *that* will come-to in time." But the contrast only served to aggravate the sufferings of poor Krauss. To see his wife, the partner of his fortune, the sharer of his heart, his other self, so calm, so cool, so placid, grated on his very soul. There was something even offensive in it, like a fine sunny day to the mourners, when there is a funeral in the house. His first impulse was to seek for sympathy, which generally implies making somebody else as miserable and unhappy as yourself; in fact, he was on the point of beginning the story to his wife, when one of those second thoughts, which are always the best, clapped a seal upon his lips. "No, no," he reflected, "tell a woman a secret? why, she'll blab it to the very first of her leaky gossips that drops in." In sheer despair, he resolved to bury himself over head and ears in his business, and accordingly hurried into his shop. But do whatever he would, his trouble still haunted him—he dreaded to see a customer walk in. "I am liable," said he, "as all the world knows, to fits of absence, and if I do not say the awful Word to somebody to his face, I shall perchance write it at the head of his bill."

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In the midst of this soliloquy, the little door-bell rang, as the door was thrown violently open, and in stalked the abominable Wenzel!

The devoted tailor turned as pale as marble, his teeth chattered, his knees knocked together till the kneepans clattered like a pair of castanets, whilst his hair again rose erect, like the corn after the wind has passed over it. But for once his fears were mistaken; his unwelcome patron only came to order some new garments. "Heaven help me," thought the afflicted tradesman, "he is too deep already in my books, and yet if I make the least shadow of an objection, I am a dead man."

After turning over all the goods in the shop, the Wild Student selected a mulberry-colored cloth, and then for the first time, addressed himself to the proprietor. "Harkye, Peter Krauss, they tell me thou art a most notable listener."

The tailor's blood ran cold in his veins, and he gasped for breath; beyond doubt his eaves-dropping the night before had been discovered, if not known at the time by the Evil One himself. He was on the point of dropping on his knees to beg his life, when the next speech re-assured him.

"You will please, therefore, to listen most attentively to my instructions."

The trembling Peter breathed again, whilst his customer went into a minute description of the frogs, and lace, and

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embroidery, with which the new garment was to be most elaborately and expensively trimmed. To all of which poor Krauss answered submissively, "Yes," and "Yes, certainly," in the plaintive tone of a well-whipped child. In the midst of this scene, two more students, inferior only to the first in bad repute, came swaggering into the shop, who, on the matter being referred to them, approved so highly of the mulberry-colored cloth, that Wenzel at once bespoke the whole piece. "And now, Krauss," said the Wild Student, drawing his victim a little aside, "I have *one word* to say in your ear." At so ominous a speech, the little tailor broke out all over in a cold dew; that "one word," he guessed was his death-warrant; the ground he stood upon seemed opening under his feet like a grave. By a natural instinct he clapped both his hands to his ears; but they were almost instantly removed by the more vigorous arms of his enemy; he then, as a last resource, set up a sort of bull-like bellowing in order to drown the dreaded sounds, but the noise was as promptly stifled by the thrusting of his own nightcap into his open mouth. "Hist, thou listener," said the Wild Student, in an angry whisper, "those two gentlemen yonder are my most intimate friends; you will give them credit for whatever they may choose to order, and I, Ferdinand Wenzel, will be answerable for the amount."

This was bad enough, but it might have been worse; and the little tailor was glad to assent, though he was now

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past speaking, and could only bow and bow again, with the tears in his eyes. Accordingly, his two new customers, thus powerfully recommended, began to select such articles as they thought proper, and gave ample directions for their making up. They then departed, Wenzel the last. "Remember," said he, significantly, holding up a warning finger, "remember—or else"—"I know, I know," murmured the terrified tailor, who felt as if relieved from an incubus, as the back of the Wild Student disappeared behind the closing door. But his grief soon returned. "I'm lost," he cried, in a doleful voice, "the more I'm patronized, the more I'm undone! They never will, they never can pay me for it all. I'm a bankrupt—I must needs be a bankrupt—I'm a ruined man!" "Who is ruined?" inquired the comfortable Trudchen, just entering in time to catch the last words. "It's me," said the sorrowful tailor. "As how, Peter?" "How? Trudchen!—here has been that daredevil, Ferdinand Wenzel, and brought two other scapegraces almost as bad as himself; and, besides heaven knows what else, he has ordered the whole piece of mulberry cloth." "He shall as soon have the mulberry-tree out of the garden," said the quiet Trudchen. "But he must have it," said the husband, with great agitation. "But he shan't," said the wife, quite collected. "I tell thee, Trudchen, he *must*," said the little tailor. "Well, we shall see," said the great tailoress, with the composed tone of a woman who felt sure of her own way.

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Here was a new dilemma. Poor Peter Krauss plainly foresaw his own catastrophe; but to be pushed on to it, post haste, by the wife of his bosom, the mother of his sole child, was more than he could bear. "I tell thee, Trudchen, he *must* have it," repeated the doomed man. "You always try," said the phlegmatic Trudchen, "to have the last word." "And if I chose, I could make sure of it," retorted the now angry Peter. "Say the WORD to her at once," said the old whisper, which the affrighted husband no longer doubted was a suggestion from Satan in person. He was cool—nay, cold—in a moment; and not daring to trust himself in his wife's presence, ran up to the little bedchamber. The fat Trudchen stared a while at this manœuvre, but as she reflected that persons who go up stairs will, some time or other, come down again, she placidly resumed her knitting.

"Wretch! miserable wretch that I am!" sighed the disconsolate tailor, throwing himself on the bed, with his face downwards. "I have been within an ace of murdering my own dear wife, the mother of my precious Peterkin! Oh! St. Mark! St. Remi! what mortal sin have I committed, to draw upon me such a visitation? Me, too, who could never keep a secret in my life! Then, again, if I take a glass extra of good wine, it is sure to set my tongue running. O what hundreds, thousands, of deaths will lie at my door! I shall be a Monster,—a Vampyre! Oh! I shall run mad—and then my head will wander—and I

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shall pronounce *it* in my ravings! It is sure to come out! Cursed be the year, and the day, and the hour, and the minute, oh Peter Krauss! that thou wast born!"

"Alas!" (thus he continued) "the misfortune of a strong memory! The harder I try to forget it, the more it comes into my mind. If it had only been a long sentence—but a single word, that drops out like a loose tooth before one is aware. Ah! there is no being on my guard!" Having thus lamented, with many tears, by degrees he became more composed, and resolved to refresh his spirits by a walk in the open air. But the tyrannical idea still pursued him with its diabolical suggestions. For instance, he could not help saying to himself, as a passenger passed by—There's a tall swaggering fellow, but I could strike him stone dead in an instant. One WORD from me, and that flaunting maiden is a corse." Moreover, the very demon, Curiosity, that first led him to his guilty knowledge, now began to tempt him to its abuse. "I wonder," thought he, "if it be true, or only a juggle. Suppose I were to try it,—just one syllable,—on that soldier, or that miller, or on his dog!" But remorse soon followed. "Woe is me! I must fly the faces of my kind! I must turn hermit,—or live like Roland on a bleak rock, beyond speech with man, woman, or child!" As he said this, he was run against by some one, blind with haste, whom he caught by the arm. It was the maid-servant of his old friend and neighbor, Hermann Liederbach. "Let me go," cried the breathless

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female, struggling to get free. "I am running to fetch the doctor to my poor master, who has dropped down in a fit, if he is not dead."—"That's very sudden," said Peter, as if musing. "Oh, like a gun!" answered the maiden; "he was quite well and merry only the minute before, talking and laughing with that Wild Student, Ferdinand Wenzel."

Poor Krauss was ready to drop down himself. However, he contrived to get home, where he threw himself on his knees behind the counter, and hid his face amongst the bales of cloth. The horrid work was begun—but where would it end? Nor were his fears in vain. On a sudden his attention was excited by the trampling of numerous feet, and going to the shop door, he saw a crowd following four men, who carried a dead body on a board. "Hollo! what have you there?" shouted an opposite neighbor from his upper window. "It's poor Stephen Asbeck," answered several voices; "he dropped down dead in the Market-place whilst squabbling with one of the students." Krauss stood rooted to the spot, till the whole procession had passed by. "It's dreadful work," said Mrs. Krauss, just entering from the back-parlor. "What is?" asked the startled tailor, with all the tremor of a guilty man. "To be cut off so suddenly in the prime of youth and beauty." "Beauty!" repeated Krauss, with a bewildered look, for in truth neither Liederbach nor Asbeck had any pretence to good looks. "Yes, beauty," replied Mrs. Krauss; "but I forgot that the news came while you were absent. Poor

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Dorothy has died suddenly—the handsome girl who rejected that good-for-nothing Ferdinand Wenzel." Krauss dropped into a chair as if shot. His fat wife wondered a little at such excessive emotion, but remembering that her husband was very tender-hearted, went quietly on with her knitting.

Poor Peter's brain was spinning round. He who would not willingly hurt a dog, to be privy to, if not accomplice in, three such atrocious and deliberate murders! His first impulse was to discover the whole affair to the Police: but who would believe so extraordinary a story? Where were his witnesses? Wenzel, of course, would confess nothing; and it would be difficult to call the Devil into court. Still his knowledge invested him with a very awful responsibility, and called upon him to put an end to the diabolical system. But how? Perhaps—and he shuddered at the thought—it was his dreadful duty to avert this wholesale assassination by the death of the assassin. As if to sanction the suggestion, even as it passed through the tailor's mind, the detestable Wenzel came into the shop to add some new item to his instructions. "Have you heard the news?" asked the Wild Student carelessly; "Death is wondrous busy in Bonn." Krauss only answered with a mournful shake of the head. "Poor dear Dorothy!" sighed Mrs. Krauss; "so young, and so beautiful." The Wild Student burst into a sneering laugh—"There will be more yet,"

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said he; "they will keep drop, drop, dropping, like over-ripe plums from the tree!"

So fiendish an announcement was too much for even the milky nature of Peter Krauss. His resolution was taken on the spot. "Wretch! Monster! Were-Wolf!" he said to himself, "thou wert never of woman born. It can be no more sin to slay thee than the savage tiger! Yes,—thou shalt hear the WORD of doom thyself!" But the moment he attempted to utter it, his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth; his throat seemed to collapse; and when he had regained the power of speech, the fatal word, that hitherto had never ceased ringing in his inward ear, had vanished completely from his memory! However, such an oblivion was in itself a blessing, as it removed any temptation to actual guilt; but, alas! no sooner had the Wild Student departed, than back came the hateful syllables, clear and distinct on the tablets of Krauss's mind, like a writing in sympathetic ink.

As the vile Wenzel had predicted, the number of sudden deaths rapidly increased. One after another, the most respectable of the inhabitants fell down in the street, and were carried home. All Bonn was filled with lamentations and dismay. "It's the plague," said one. "It's the Black Death," cried another. Some advised a consultation of physicians; others proposed a penitential procession to the Kreutzberg.

In the meantime the unfortunate tailor again took refuge

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in the bed-room, desperately closing his eyes, and stopping his ears, against the melancholy sights and sounds that were constantly occurring in the street. But the mortality had become too frightful for even the apathetic temper of the stout Trudchen, who for once, thrown into a state of violent agitation, felt the necessity of comfort and companionship. Accordingly she sought eagerly for her husband, who sitting, as we have said, with closed eyes and ears, was of course unconscious of her entrance. Besides, he was grieving aloud, and his wife bent over him to catch the words.—"Miserable mortals," he groaned, "miserable frail mortals that we are!—wretched candles,—blown out at a breath! Who would have thought that such a cause could produce such a calamity?—Who could have dreamed it?—to think that such a hearty man as poor Liederbach, or poor Asbeck, could be destroyed by a sound—nay, that half a town should perish through simply saying ———" and the unconscious Peter pronounced the fatal WORD. It had scarcely passed his lips when something fell so heavily as to shake the whole house, and hastily opening his eyes, he beheld the comely Trudchen, the wife of his bosom, the mother of his darling Peterkin, in the last death-quiver at his feet!

The horrified Peter Krauss was stunned—stupefied—bewildered! With his eyes fixed on the victim of his fatal curiosity, he sat motionless in his chair. It was the shock of a moral earthquake, that shook his very soul to its

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foundations. He could neither think nor feel. His brain was burning hot, but his heart seemed turned to solid ice. It was long before he was even sensible of outward impressions; but at last he became aware of a continued tugging at the tail of his coat. A glance sufficed—it was little Peterkin. "He will be the next!" shrieked the frantic father; and tossing his arms aloft, he threw himself down the stairs and rushed out of the house. At the top of his speed, as if pursued by the unrelenting Fiend, he raced through the streets and out of the gates, into the open country, where he kept running to and fro like a mad creature, tormented by the stings of conscience. Over rocks, amongst thickets, through water, he leaped and crashed, and struggled; his flesh was torn and bleeding, but he cared not—he wanted to die. At one time his course lay towards the Eifel, as if to end his misery in that scene of volcanic desolation, so similar to his own; but suddenly turning round, he scoured back to his native town, through the gates, along the streets, and dashing into the church of St. Remi, threw himself on his knees beside the confessional. The venerable Father Ambrose was in the chair, and with infinite difficulty extracted the horrible story from the distracted man. When it was ended, the priest desired to know the awful WORD which acted with such tremendous energy. "But, your reverence," sobbed Krauss, with a thrill of natural horror, "it kills those who but hear it pronounced."

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"True, my son," replied the aged priest, "but all unholy spells will lose their power within these sacred walls."

"But your reverence—"

"Peter Krauss!" said the priest, in a loud angry tone, "I insist on it, if you hope for absolution."

"Then, if I must—"

"Speak, my son, speak."

"I will."

"Now!"

"Yes!"

"Come."

"Ah!—"

"What is it?"

"Sancta Maria!"

"The word! the word!"

"POTZTAUSEND!" murmured Krauss, in a low tremulous voice, with a shudder throughout his frame, and a terrified look all round him. And lo! the ghostly father was a ghost indeed—the church of St. Remi had tumbled into fragments, and instead of the holy tapers, a few strange lights were gleaming mysteriously in the distance. "Potztausend!" repeated Peter Krauss, giving himself a shake, and rubbing his eyes, "it's all the fault of the good Ahrbleichart; but I've certainly been sleeping and dreaming on the wrong side of the town-gate!"

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TO REBECCA PAGE.

Dear Becky,—Missis being gone off to bed betimes, I take the oportunity to set up to rite to you how we get on. At this present we are at Bon, an old town with very good prospex, but dredful uproarus by reason of its Collidge, and so menny Schollards, witch as I've experenst at Oxford, always make more desturbans and hubbub then the ignorent and unlarned. To be sure wen the Germin ones are not making a noys, they sing bewtiful, witch is sum amends. Its been like a vocle consort all the evening in the streets. But then such figgers! It seems every won's studdy by dressing up and transmogrifying, to make himself as partickler as he can. Sum have square beerds, sum have triangle ones, sum have two mustaches, and sum contrive to have three, by sticking another on their chins. Thinks I, wen the hollydis cum, it must be a wise Father as nose his hone son!

But its the same in Garmany with the brute beastasses witch are no more left to natur than the human creturs. I mean the canine specious. One fine day, all at once, as if by command of the Lord Mare, lo and behold there was every Dog little or big, as had any hare, long or short on the scruff of his neck, mettimorfust into a Lion!

This arternoon we made a carridge incursion to a place called the Krook's Burge. After passing seven crosses,

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before hand, you cum to a very holy Church on the top of a hill, with the identicle flite of stares as led up to Ponshus Pilot's seat, and the drops of blud that fell from our Savior. As such its the hite of wickedness to walk up them xcept on your nees. And oh Becky what do think —I wouldn't have had it happen to me, for pounds upon pounds, but Missis was so thoghtless as stand upon the top stare, whereby the parish clark called out quite horrifide, witch scard her so, she scuttled a full half-way down. Howsumever, it was husht up, and she got over it—but if so be it had been *my* case, I think my feet would often fly in my face. Besides, I have sinse heard a story that made my verry blud run could. One day an Inglish lady stood on purpus on the top stare to show her unbeleaf. But a judgment fell upon her. Afore she could get back to Bon, her feet begun to ake and swell as big as elifants, and partickly the soles as had sinned the wust turned cole black and begun to mortify. All the Dockters in the place couldn't stop it, and she must have died in tormints here and hereafter wen sumbody advized to go up the holy stares on her bendid nees. Accordingly witch she did, and no sooner got to the tip-top wen lo and behold her feet in a moment was as well and as sound as ever! In course she turnd Cathlick direckly, and in the gratefulness of her hart she offered up too littel moddles of feet in ivery, with the toe nails of goold. Thats wat I call a mirakel, tho sum pepel may chuse to dout. But as a

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party you dont know says, what's faith? As for beleavin whats only plain and probberble, and nateral, says he, its no beleaf at all. But wen you beleave in things totaly unpossible and unconsistent and uncomprensible, and direct contrary to natur, that is real true down-rite faith, and to be sure so it is.

And now, Becky, it must never go furder, but be kep a religus secret betwixt our two selves, but ever sinse Colon Cathedrul I have been dredful unsettled in my mind with spirituous pints. It seemed as if I had a call to turn into a Roman. Besides the voice in my hone inward parts, I've been prodigusly urged and advized by the Party you don't know, to becum a prostelyte, and decant all my errors, and throw meself into the buzzum of Rome. Cander compels to say, its a very cumfittable religun, and then such splendid Churchis and alters and grand cerimonis, and such a bewtiful musicle service, and so many mirakles and wunderful relicts besides, plain Church of England going, partickly in the country parts, do look pere and mean and pokey after it, thats the truth. To be sure theres transmigration, but even that I might get over in time, for we can beleave anything if we really wish to. Its a grate temptation, and provided I felt quite certin of bettering meself, I would convert meself at once. But Lord nose, praps its all the work of Satan at bottom awanting me to deny my Catkism and throw off the Minester I've set under so menny years. Oh, Becky, its terribel hard wurk to argufy yureself out of yure own persuasion! You may supose with such contrary scrupples and inward feelings pulling two ways at once, what trubbles and tribbleation I

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go thro! The wust is my low fits and cryings cant be hid from Missis, who have questioned me very closely, but if she once thoght I was agoing to turn and alter my religun, it wood soon be, Martha, sute yureself, witch to be throne out of place in a forrin land would be very awkwurd; and as such praps would be most advizable to put off my beleaving in anything at all, till our return to Kent. Besides, Becky, you may feel inclind, on propper talking to, to give up yure own convixions too, and in that case we can both embrace the Pope at the same time. As yet no sole suspex xcept Mr. Frank, who ketched me crossing meself by way of practis before the glass. Goodness nose what he ment, but ho, ho, Martha, says he, so you've got into the clutchis of the Proper Gander.

Besides the holy stares, theres another mirakel in the Volt under the Krooks burge Church, namely, abuv a skore of ded Munks, sum of them as old as fore hundred sentries, yet perfickly fresh and sweet. They say its the sanktimoniousness of the place that has preserved them so long, witch is like enuff. But oh, Becky, its an awful site, and will set me dreeming of Ghostesses and Could Munks for a munth to cum. Our next stop was at Poplar's Dorf, where there is a British Museum full of all sorts of curiosities, such as oars from the Minors, wooden timber trees made of cole, and partickly sum peterfried frogs, witch I was told had been pelted till they turned into stone. The poor frogs do get sadly pelted that's certin.

After the museum we driv home, and a rare frite and narro escape we had by the way as you may judg. It was getting rather duskish, wen all of a sudden out jumpt

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a very ill,lookin yung man from behind a tree, and begun running behind the carridge. He was drest xactly like a Banditty, such as you see in a play at Drewry Lane or Common Garden; but besides, I overherd yung Master say he suposed he was one of Shiller's gang of Robbers. A pretty hearing for us females! Howsumever as Missis didn't screech no more did I—but you may be shure I set and quacked all the way till we got safe into Bon.

The family is all in their ordnary way. Master as yusual talks of dying tho without goin off—but human natur will cling to this wurld like a pudden when you haven't butterd the dish. If anything Missis takes on less than she used to about her poor dear late: and as for Mr. Frank, he's so harty he's quite a picter. Wishing you the same, and with luv to all enquiering frends, I remane, dear Becky, your luving frend till deth,

MARTHA PENNY.

P.S.—The fair sects have a hard place in Garmany. I forgot to say in our incursion we saw plenty of wimmin, a toilin and moilin at mens labers in the roads and fields. But thats not the wust, theyre made beasts of. Wat do you think, Becky, of a grate hulkin feller, a lolluping and smoking in his boat on the Rind, with his pore Wife a pullyhawling him along by a rope, like a towin horse on the banks of the Tems!

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